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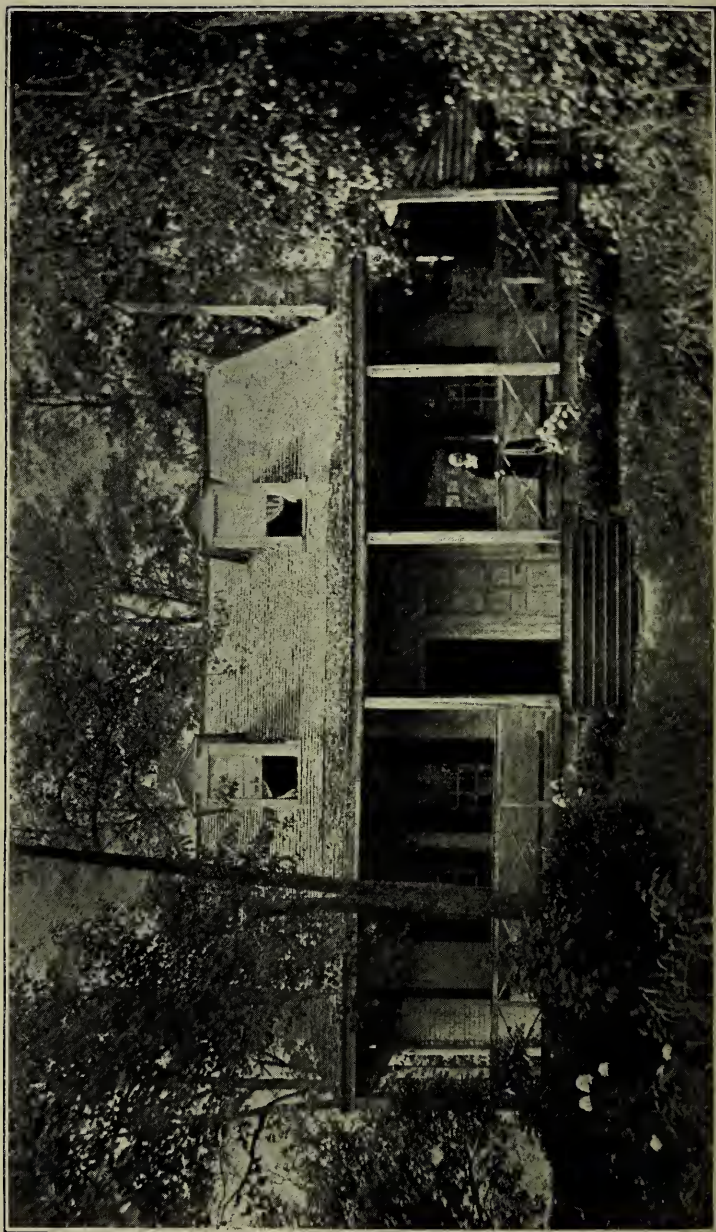
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American Monthly Magazine

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NO. 3.

THE FIRST BATTLE AND ITS LEGACY.

THERE rises before me the picture of a dapper lieutenant who used to do the courtesies of old Fort Mackinas. One day he was displaying, with justifiable pride, from the treasures of the museum, a sword which had been used in the battle of Bunker Hill. He grew eloquent as he told its story, but the wandering thoughts of his hearers focused rather on the gay lieutenant than on the rusty steel, and one of the prettiest of the summer girls looked admiringly at him with her wide glistening eyes and murmured, "How nice! did you say you used it at the battle of Bunker Hill?"

She is not the only one who may have gathered into her makeup enough of tradition and history to know that she may safely say, "How nice!" concerning any relic of Bunker Hill, and yet more than one summer girl is far more certain of that date of the young lieutenant than the day or meaning of the old sword.

Perhaps it is well that we stop and think a little definitely as to the significance of this beginning of battles, which holds in our history a place well nigh sacred.

One summer, in Massachusetts, I had planned for an extra amount of work to be done on a certain Thursday, when one of my true blue friends, gazing in astonishment at my western simplicity exclaimed, "Why we never work on the 17th of June!" So, being Roman with the Romans, I went summering all that June day on the Charles River. It still lives as a lovely vision—the picture of the charming villas on the banks; the gay canoe loads of students; the launches filled with factory hands; the fluttering flags and quickstep music; the tall towers

of the factory stacks; the glistening spires and the background of June green.

I tried in vain to think back to the long lines of soldiers marching down the banks of that same river. The shuffling tread that came from long following the furrow became firm and steady through power of principle; the stooping form of cobbler and tailor grown erect and military from uprightness and character; the lack of sinew in merchant and clerk made strength by might of conviction—and flashing into thought came the words,

“Nations are long results, by ruder ways
Gathering the might that warrants length of days.”

We cannot now stop to note all the “ruder ways” by which had come that might. The imitation of legislation and insolent soldiery, unjust tax, and unprincipled invective were to be opposed by the gathered power which was the result of religious thought, the logic of theological controversy, the political training of the town meeting, and the military knowledge gained in support of the very Crown against which the New Englander was so slow to rebel.

Lexington had joined the Colonists in a union whose basis was brotherhood, common peril, common object. Organization was imperfect. The Committee of Safety had power to summon the militia, but the only thing corresponding to a national executive was the Continental Congress, that child of the whim of the individual Colonies.

Ten thousand British troops in Boston were more bitterly despised day by day. General Gage stood in the presence of a foe whose moral worth and actual power, either physical or military, he could not estimate.

A cordon of militia hemmed in the peninsula of Boston. “The Grand Army,” as it was termed in the periodicals of the time, comprised nearly sixteen thousand men stationed at Roxbury, Jamaica Plain, Cambridge—the center division—Chelsea, Medford, Charlestown Neck, and intermediate points.

These troops were under command of officers, the appointees of their several State governments, and the question of general command was not settled till after the battle. General Ward, who had been appointed to the command of the Massachusetts

and New Hampshire troops, acted as commander-in-chief, and a voluntary obedience was yielded him by the whole army.

The feeling prevailed, based on more or less reliable information, that the British were about to try to break the cordon, judging that, as a British cynic expressed it, "Five thousand regulars had been besieged by ten thousand peasants long enough."

In early June of 1776, the Committee of Safety and Council of War appointed a joint committee to reconnoiter the heights of Charlestown with a view to fortification, as they deemed that a vulnerable point. We need not stop to recall their report, the discussion of it and the final decision. But picture to ourselves the rays of the setting sun of June 16 gilding the tree tops of Cambridge, while a company of twelve hundred men, commanded by Colonel Prescott, stand on the Common, reverently waiting till the President of Harvard College asks the blessing of the Almighty on their undertaking. Several regiments have been ordered to parade with blankets, provisions for twenty-four hours, and intrenching tools. They are not to know their destination till Charlestown Neck is crossed. The column moves on and darkness falls, and the stars look down on busy workmen rapidly constructing a redoubt on the heights overlooking Boston.

Anxious are the hours to them as they labor with pick and shovel through the quiet night. British men of war are moored in the river. The shore is belted by a line of British sentries, and through the still air at intervals comes the cry: "All's well!" assuring the patriots that they are still undiscovered.

Colonel Prescott said many times that his great anxiety that night was to complete a screen, however slight, for his men before they should be attacked, which he expected would be early in the morning. He knew the difficulty of making raw troops, however patriotic, stand in open field. General Putnam had said, when urging the necessity of the fortification: "The Americans are not afraid of their heads, though very much afraid of their shins; if you cover these, they will fight forever." So he strenuously urged on the work and, in the gray dawn of the morning, as he reconnoitered for the last time he heard the drowsy call "All's well" from the cruisers.

The morning sun raised the curtain of security, and the British guns opened fire from the ships and from Copp's Hill, that same Copp's Hill where, to-day, you may stand and look at the granite obelisk, while the unconscious fruit vender disturbs your reminiscent meditations with exasperating persistence.

But still they work on, tired, hungry, the promised reinforcements not coming, and the dreadful fear of treachery on the part of the reserve at Cambridge creeps into their minds. The redoubt is strengthened. A stone fence, the boundary of some peaceful farmer's domain, is incorporated with the line of defense, and the new mown hay from the June meadows, heaped up between two lines of rail fence, lengthens the line. The materials at hand are utilized by men accustomed to the exigencies of the frontier.

But hark! the whiz of a cannon ball and the first stalwart patriot lies dead at the feet of his companions. The voice of Prescott is heard in the quick stern command, "Bury him." "What?" exclaimed the men, "Without prayers?" and around the chaplain gather a crowd of men; but then comes the stern voice again, "Disperse, bury him." These fervent, reverent men fall back aghast at the thought of prayerless burial, and they wonder if "this horrible rumble and grumble and roar of battle" shuts them off even from the Almighty, and some creep fearfully away. But Prescott mounts the parapet and walks leisurely about with the air of one safe as "in the secret place of the Most High," and his composure calms them all. The sun is higher and the fatigue and heat and fear are still there, but they have grown accustomed to the roar. Now, winding up from the shore march the regulars—scarlet and steel in the sunshine. The limited ammunition must be saved till its use will be most effectual. "Wait! Wait! 'Till you see the whites of their eyes." "Wait! Wait! Pick the officers!" are the commands. Will they obey? Will these peasants stand and face the fire of the regulars? Will they lay aside each man his individuality, and merge in the brigade that follows the will of a single commander?

The awful moments are like hours, as on come the glistening regulars through the sunshine. They are in range. Then

comes that awful fire. The yeomanry have stood the test. Back fall the British. General Putnam rides to the rear to urge on the tardy reënforcements. He uses entreaty and command, but to little effect. The tired men who raised the entrenchments must still stay to fight. The awful morning has taken from the roar of battle the newness, and it does not strike terror to their hearts, as to those of the newcomers. Now the British come again, but, alas! the bitterness as they leap over the bodies of their fallen comrades. And now the sheets of flame rising from burning Charlestown add new horror to the scene, and clouds of smoke rise to shut the sun from the pitiful sight.

Even General Burgoyne, viewing it from Copp's Hill, says, "Sure I am nothing has been or ever can be more terrible." Again comes the deadly fire from the American lines, but the British rally, and the officers lead again with Anglo-Saxon grit, for are they not own brothers of the stern, white-faced patriots? Again the fall back and the fugitives gather on the shore. General Howe is exasperated and plans a new attack, in spite of his officers who urge that it is simply murderous. But General Clinton comes with a reënforcement of six hundred. Meantime, as the moments pass, the Americans begin to hope the awful carnage is ended, and they look at the failing ammunition and pray God that it may be so. But no. A third time they come and the brunt of the attack is upon the redoubt. Prescott knows it is the end, but with perfect calmness he does his best. The deadly fire comes once again and the British line wavers, but once again moves forward, and then the missiles are no longer lead, but the stones of the hill-side, and the British know that the American ammunition is gone.

Inch by inch and with undaunted opposition the way is contested and the Americans defeated, but unconquered, have started for Charlestown Neck, leaving less than five hundred of their companions behind them.

The soft starlight shone pitifully on many fallen British soldiers, for they outnumbered the missing patriots more than two to one.

As we thus hurriedly have retold the old story, what seem to us the characteristic elements of strength in this battle?

You remember in the poem how old Caspar is at a loss when the boys ask for the greatness of Blenheim. Some child will send to us, one day, its two-edged question, and are we more ready than the summer girl?

The picturesque element is ever prominent. The "embattled farmer" is a phrase pregnant with suggestion. The latent possibility of the yeomanry is ever, in many a land, the question unanswered, alike to politician and philosopher. That unmilitary army stealing across Charlestown Neck put blouses and trousers outside to conceal their unwonted uniforms—but this did not bury the warrior spirit in their hearts. It is true they left plow and yard-stick, student's cloister and law book, to go to hall of legislation and field of battle, but was their success in the new fields accidental or miraculous?

Josiah Strong says we have fallen into a way of saying, "The Lord takes care of idiots, children, and the United States," and sometimes perhaps we think and teach that the raw recruit who faced undaunted the fire of regulars was a special gift of God to that age or a sporadic case in the evolution of humanity. Grander, truer is the belief that he came, true fruitage of causes that will no less surely operate now than then.

In the hearts of his ancestors for years had dwelt the belief in a God of justice, guarding the affairs of men—and he felt "twice armed is he who hath his quarrel just." His power of logic, developed in long study of the theological arguments, helped him to settle the question whether his quarrel were really just or no. Long years in practice of hunting in the forests primeval made him a marksman true. Just aim at the deer's eye made him sure when the British officer was the target. It was not accident, but training, which produced a result that made a British officer write home, "This battle was unprecedented in its loss of officers." It was practice in the use of shovel and pick that made possible the quiet raising of so large a redoubt on that still clear night. One of the most noteworthy facts in the whole story is the subordination and obedience to officers of a comparatively untrained body of men. I have already called attention to the unsettled question of precedence among the officers. You know the story of

Warren, fighting as private because he had not yet received his commission, though he knew it to be on the way. And this same spirit was not in him alone. The Puritan reverence for authority was a long growth of years and we have the spectacle of an army composed, not of a mere rabble, but of intelligent men, of marvelous individuality, accustomed to independent action, and yet the habit of a life time makes them obedient; nor can we rightly consider them wholly unversed in military tactics.

The legend of the order not to shoot till the "whites of the enemies' eyes can be seen" we all believe, and perhaps think it the outcome of native wit in these homespun commanders. But did you ever hear *how* close students they were of the memoirs of Frederick's wars, then freshly published? In them it is recorded that Prince Charles, when in 1745 he cut through the lines at Jagendorf, said, "Silent, till you see the whites of their eyes," and twelve years after, at the battle of Prague, this order, that had proved so successful, was repeated.

These leaders had fought beside well-trained soldiers in the French and Indian war. An officer said to General Gage, "You do not know with whom you have to contend, these are the very men who conquered Canada."

There is something pathetic in the story of their return to Cambridge. None was quite ready to assume the leadership of the battle. Not till years after did those arise who said, "I was there," "and I," "and I." They knew not the greatness of that day. They girded on their armor in the "might gathered in ruder ways," and fought the battle simply, bravely, in sight of God, and dreamed not that it was wonderful. These men stood unflinchingly as "the long result of years."

The Continental Congress, that self same day, appointed Washington Commander-in-Chief of the troops, so the twilight closed around a land that had not only an army but a leader, and as Webster well says, "When the sun of that day went down independence was no longer doubtful."

What, then, shall we say? The military tactics may have been questionable; the wisdom of the battle not beyond a doubt; its result, a victory ending in retreat; yet its legacy to us and our children is manhood, in highest type, the result of God-

given forces. There comes to us from that day the memory of men—stalwart men,

Whose strength was in their trust
That thou wouldst make thy dwelling in their dust,
And walk with them a fellow-citizen.

LAURA POTTER GREGORY,
Rockford Chapter, Rockford, Illinois.



STATE SEAL OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

EMILY GEIGER.

A HEROINE OF THE REVOLUTION.

[By the Historian of the Rebecca Motte Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.]

IN the days of the Revolutionary War there dwelt in Abbeville County, South Carolina, a young girl, whose fame has outlived the lapse of time, because of a bold deed of patriotic devotion to the cause of independence, performed by her at that period.

The name of that simple and modest, yet brave little lady, was Emily Geiger, whose native State has recently given her the highest mark of approbation that it was possible to confer upon her memory, by placing her effigy upon the official seal of the State of South Carolina.

No other woman in the United States has, in all likelihood, received so public an honor as to be chosen by the highest legislative body of her State to be the representative woman of that Commonwealth. Emily stands now as the heroine to be ever remembered here, and taken as the highest example of what a woman can do, and dare, in the service of her country ;

and, should similar circumstances arise again, our State looks to her daughters to be ready to imitate, as well as to admire, her deed of high courage and energy.

The incident which has gained for Emily this enviable distinction is that at the time General Green retreated before Lord Rawdon, from Ninety-Six (when he had passed Broad River), that he was very desirous of sending an order to General Sumter (then on the Wateree) to join him, that they might unite their forces and attack Rawdon, who had divided his command. But the country to be passed through to carry this order was, for many miles, full of Tories, who were even more hostile and fierce than the British; and it was found impossible to get a trustworthy man who would be willing to undertake so dangerous a mission (death by hanging being the frequent accompaniment) of aid to the rebels. At length a young girl, Emily Geiger, presented herself to General Green, proposing to act as his messenger. The General was both surprised and delighted with her offer, as a woman had a better chance of arriving at General Sumter's camp than would any man. He accordingly wrote a letter and gave it to Emily, at the same time communicating the contents verbally, to be told to Sumter in case of accident.

Mounted on horseback this brave girl set off on a ride of about fifty miles through a lawless part of the country, where bandits and British soldiers patrolled every path and high road. On the second day of her journey Emily was intercepted by Lord Rawdon's scouts, and coming from the direction of General Green's army was closely questioned as to her errand. The young girl became embarrassed, and, not being able to give an untrue account of her mission without blushing, she was shut up, and the officer in command sent for an old Tory woman to search her for treasonable communications.

Emily made good use of the time thus given her and as soon as the door was closed she tore the letter into pieces, chewed up and swallowed every atom of the telltale missive. After awhile the Tory matron arrived, who searched Emily's clothes carefully but found nothing suspicious upon the person of the prisoner; so the young girl was released from custody.

Nothing daunted by this unpleasant episode Emily continued

on her way, took a somewhat circuitous route to avoid delay, and ere long struck into the road leading to Sumter's camp, which she reached without further molestation. As soon as she arrived there she asked to see General Sumter, delivered to him verbally General Green's message, and related her adventure with the British.

In consequence of Emily's courageous act, General Sumter soon after joined the main army at Orangeburg, whence General Green effected his proposed plan.

The Seal of the State of South Carolina was designed by William Drayton after the British were defeated and driven away by the fort on Sullivan's Island, in Charleston Harbor, on the 28th of June, 1776, which event suggested some of the devices. On this, the palmetto tree on one of the shields represents the fort, which was constructed of palmetto logs. On the other may be seen a woman walking on the seashore holding in her hand a branch of laurel. She looks with hope to the sun rising in splendor over the sea. This individual represents the State of South Carolina anticipating a glorious future when she has gained her independence from Great Britain.

The supporters of these shields are a soldier in Continental uniform, on one side; while on the other stands the Goddess of Liberty, who holds aloft in her left hand a pole, surmounted by a liberty cap. In her right she extends a wreath of laurel to the soldier, whom she apparently intends to crown with this garland of victory.

This old seal having become worn in the course of its long service of one hundred and twenty years, the Legislature of our State, about a year ago, ordered a new seal to be made similar to the original, except that the supporters should be individualized and that hereafter William Moultrie and Emily Geiger should be placed upon it as the representatives of a noble past. Thus do they now stand upon the Seal of State of South Carolina which must be affixed to every public document signed by the Governor ere it can be an official State paper.

CLAUDINE RHETT,

Historian of Rebecca Motte Chapter, D. A. R.

HISTORICAL FACTS

PERTAINING TO THE VARIOUS FLAGS AND DEVICES USED BY
OUR FOREFATHERS PREVIOUS TO THE ADOPTION OF OUR
NATIONAL EMBLEM, "THE STARS AND STRIPES."

[Read before the Columbia Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, January 14, 1896, by Harriet Louisa Scribner.]

THE genesis of the American flag is a story that finds a ready listener in every Daughter of the American Revolution. Its final evolution into that splendid banner, upon whose stars and stripes the morning light breaks with ever increasing glory, must challenge the interest of every patriotic soul. Mythology teaches that where Cadmus sowed the dragon's teeth, armed men sprang up. So, too, in later days, when the teeth of the dragon of St. George were felt upon the thirteen Colonies, armed hosts arose, the story of whose prowess is contained within the stripes that adorn our Nation's flag. Each star that rises in the galaxy tells of a Nation's increasing power, and over all, as the bow of promise spans the sky, the banner of freedom flaunts boldly to the winds of heaven, to remind the earth that a nation has been born, which is the vehicle through which God moves the world to a higher civilization and a nobler destiny.

The ancient national flag of England, the cross of St. George (a white banner with a red cross), was the universal badge of the English soldiery as early as the fourteenth century. Whatever other banners were carried, it was always foremost in the field. The union of this cross with the cross of St. Andrew, a diagonal white cross, on a blue ground, constituted what was called the King's colors.

It is to be presumed the cross of St. George was hoisted over the Mayflower when she disembarked our Pilgrim fathers at Plymouth, in 1620, and it was the common sea ensign of English ships of that period. Belonging to South Britain she may have displayed the King's colors from the main-top and a St. George's cross at the fore, as required by the King's proclamation of 1606.

From the records of Massachusetts we gather that the red

cross of St. George was in use in that Colony in 1634, if not earlier. During the year heretofore mentioned—1634—the provincial authorities being doubtful of the lawful use of a cross in the ensign (the matter being brought before the commissioners), gave orders that *all* ensigns should be laid aside.

In the interim a new flag having for an emblem the red and white roses in place of the cross was proposed, and letters in relation to the matter were written to England for the purpose of obtaining "the judgment of the most wise and godly there." But this project seems not to have met with the approval of the wise and godly in England, for, in December, 1635, it is recorded that the military commissioners "appointed colors for every company," leaving out the cross in all of them and appointing that the King's arms should be put into them, and in the colors of Castle Island, Boston.

All ships in passing the fort at Castle Island were bound to observe certain regulations, but the fort wearing for a time no flag to signify its real character, had the appearance of a deserted fortress. As one ship after another was made to strike her colors, their captains complained to the authorities of the conduct of the commander of the fort, Captain Morris, whereupon the Governor and his advisers directed to spread the King's colors at Castle Island, whenever ships were passing. Matters being thus satisfactorily adjusted, the King's colors were continued at the castle, but excluded from use elsewhere in the Colony, where, through the religious prejudices of the people, the flag bearing the King's arms, continued in use, until the establishment of the Commonwealth.

In 1651 the General Court of Massachusetts *Ordered*, "as the court conceive the old English colors now used by the parliament to be a necessary badge of distinction betwixt the English and other nations in all places of the world, *till the state of England alter the same, which we very much desire*, we being of the same nation, have therefore ordered, that the captain of the castle shall advance the colors of England upon all necessary occasions."

The early colonial documents of New York make mention of several flags in use in that Colony, in the latter half of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century.

January 11, 1664, an English flag seems to have been displayed with considerable bravado by one John Schott in sight of the astonished burghers of New Amsterdam. "Captain John Schott," says the record, "came to the ferry in the town of Breucklin (Brooklyn) with a troop of Englishmen, mounted on horseback, with great noise, marching with sounding trumpets, etc.," and hoisted the English flag, and as soon as John Schott arrived they uncovered their heads and spoke in English. Secretary Van Ruyven asked the captain to cross over, to which John Schott answered, "No! Let Stuyvesant come over with a hundred soldiers. I shall wait for him here."

In September of that year the red cross of St. George floated in triumph over the fort, and the name of New Amsterdam was changed to New York. Early in October, 1664, New Netherland was acknowledged a part of the British realm.

The cross of St. George, from its establishment in 1651 by the Commonwealth of England, continued in general use in the American Colonies with occasional variations throughout the seventeenth century, and until the Union flag of James I, devised for his English and Scotch subjects in 1606, was prescribed by act of Parliament for general use throughout the British dominions in 1707.

A crimson flag, of which the jack was a red St. George cross on a white field, was the ensign most generally used in New England. Sometimes a tree, at other times a hemisphere, was represented in the upper canton next the staff formed by the cross, and occasionally the fly or field was blue.

For a decade preceding the commencement of the Revolutionary struggle liberty poles and trees and flags of various devices are frequently mentioned.

At Taunton, Massachusetts, October, 1774, a Union flag was raised on the top of a liberty pole, with the words "Liberty and Union" thereon.

In the earliest days of the Revolution each State seems to have set up its own particular banner. Immediately after the battle of Lexington the Connecticut troops had standards bearing on them the arms of that Colony, with the motto *Qui transulit sustinet* in letters of gold, which was freely translated, "God, who transported us hither, will support us."

In March, 1775, a Union flag with a red field, having on one side this inscription, "Geo. Rex and the Liberties of America," and on the other "No Popery," was hoisted at New York. The armed ships of New York at that time are said to have had a black beaver for their device on their flag. This was the device of the Colonial seal of New Netherland, and is still seen on the seal of the city of New York.

No description of the Union flags of these times has been preserved. Nevertheless it is more than probable and almost certain that these flags were the familiar flags of the English and Scotch union, established in 1707, and long known as Union flags, inscribed with various popular and patriotic mottoes.

Neither contemporary accounts nor the recollections of old soldiers are satisfactory respecting the flags used at the battle of Bunker Hill on the 17th of June, 1775. Tradition asserts a red flag was used with the motto, "Come if you dare."

Mr. Lossing, historian, was informed by an old lady (Mrs. Manning) that her father, who was in the battle of Bunker Hill, assisted in hoisting the standard, and she heard him speak of it as a noble flag, the ground of which was blue, with one corner quartered by the red cross of St. George, in one section of which was a pine tree.

We read of Arnold's raising the Continental flag over his tent, but what its color was, or the devices upon it, we have no means of ascertaining.

April, 1776, the Massachusetts Council passed a series of resolutions providing for the regulation of the sea service, among which was the following: "*Resolved*, That the uniform of the officers be green and white, and that they furnish themselves accordingly, and that the colors be a white flag with a green pine tree and the inscription, 'An. Appeal to Heaven.'"

Commodore Samuel Tucker, in a letter addressed to the Hon. John Holmes, dated March 6, 1818, says: "The first cruise I made was in January, 1776, in the schooner Franklin, of seventy tons, equipped by order of General Washington, and I had to purchase the small arms to encounter the enemy with money from my own pocket or go without; and my wife made the banner I fought under, the field of which was white, and the

union green made therein in the figure of a pine tree, made of cloth of her own purchasing, at her own expense."

Instances of the use of this pine tree flag from October, 1775, to July 1776, could be multiplied.

On the 13th of September, 1775, Colonel Moultrie received an order from the Council of Safety for taking Fort Johnson on James Island, South Carolina, and a flag being thought necessary, Colonel Moultrie was requested to procure one by the Council, and had a large blue flag made, with a crescent in the dexter corner, to be uniform with the troops of the garrison, who were clothed in blue and wore silver crescents in front of their caps, inscribed "*Liberty or Death.*" He said "this was the first *American* flag displayed in the South."

The London Chronicle, July 27, 1776, says: "The colors of the American fleet have a snake with thirteen rattles, the fourteenth budding, described in the attitude of going to strike, with this motto: 'Don't tread on me.' " The number thirteen, representative of the number of Colonies, seems to have been constantly in mind, thus thirteen vessels are ordered to be built, thirteen stripes are placed on the flag, thirteen arrows are grasped in a mailed hand, thirteen rattles on the rattlesnake, and later, thirteen arrows in the talons of the eagle.

The device of a rattlesnake was a favorite one with the Colonists, and its origin as an American emblem deserves investigation as a curious feature in our national history.

A commonplace origin for the stripes has been suggested by a recent writer. The Continental Army of 1775 was without uniforms, and the different grades were distinguished by means of a stripe or ribbon. Without wondering far—seeking for the origin of the stripes upon our flag, it may have been that the stripes on his own escutcheon suggested them to the mind of Washington.

Paul Jones has recorded that the flag of America was hoisted by his own hand "on board the *Alfred*," and adds, "being the first time it was ever displayed by a regular man-of-war." It is not known with certainty what flag Jones calls the flag of America, but there are reasons for supposing it the grand Union flag of thirteen stripes displayed at Cambridge, and identical

with the Union flag displayed by the Virginia Convention on the following May.

On Saturday, the 14th of June, 1777, the American Congress "*Resolved*, That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." This is the first and only legislative action of which there is any record for the establishment of a national flag for the sovereign United States of America, declared independent July 4, 1776, and proclaims the official birth of a new constellation as the symbol of their union. This form was altered by act of January 13, 1794, which provided that after May 1, 1795, the flag of the United States should consist of fifteen stripes, alternately red and white, and fifteen stars, etc.; in 1818, however, act of April 4th, the flag was reëstablished as thirteen horizontal stripes, alternately red and white; the union to consist of twenty stars, white in a blue field; one star to be added to the union on the admission of every new State; the addition to be made on the Fourth day of July succeeding such admission. This flag was first used July 4, 1818, and is still the recognized national emblem of the United States of America.

No record of the discussions which undoubtedly preceded the adoption of the Stars and Stripes has been preserved, and we do not know to whom we are indebted for their beautiful and soul-inspiring devices.

To Mrs. John Ross is accredited the honor of being the first maker and partial designer of the Stars and Stripes. The house where this first flag was made is still standing, No. 239 Arch street, below Third, Philadelphia.

A committee of Congress, of whom Colonel George Ross was one, accompanied by General Washington, in June, 1776, called upon Mrs. Ross, who was an upholsterer, and engaged her to make the flag from a rough drawing which, according to her suggestions, was redrawn by General Washington in pencil "then and there in her back parlor." The flag as thus designed was adopted by Congress and was the first star spangled banner, according to Mr. Canby, or for aught that is known to the contrary, which ever floated on the breeze.

A correspondent of the New York *Inquirer* a few years since

beautifully said: "Every nation has its symbolic ensign; some have beasts, some birds, some fishes, some reptiles in their banners, but our fathers chose the Stars and Stripes, the red telling of the blood shed by them for their country, the blue of the heavens and their protection, and the stars of the separate States embodied in one nationality. '*E Pluribus Unum.*'"

"What eloquence do the stars breathe when their full significance is known; a new constellation, union, perpetuity a covenant against oppression, justice, equality, subordination, courage, and purity."

First United States flag raised was over Fort Schuyler, New York, August 3, 1777.

First seen in a foreign country, aboard "Ranger," Captain Paul Jones, at Quiberon Bay, France, where it received the salute of that government February 14, 1778.

First displayed in a British port, on board the Bedford, of Massachusetts, which arrived in the Downs February 3, 1783.

First trip around the world in the ship "Columbia" (United States), 1787-90.

Ere I close, permit me to give a quotation from an address given by one long since passed away (Henry Ward Beecher):

"As at the early dawn the stars shine forth even while it grows light, and then as the sun advances that light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and intense white striving together and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so on the American flag, stars and beams of many-colored light shine out together. And where this flag comes, and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry no ramping lions, and no fierce eagle; no embattled castles, or insignia of imperial authority; they see the symbols of light. It is the banner of dawn. It means Liberty. When that banner first unrolled to the sun, it was the symbol of all those holy truths and purposes which brought together the Colonial American Congress! Our flag means, then, all that our fathers meant in the Revolutionary War; it means all that the Declaration of Independence meant; it means all that the Constitution of our people, organizing for justice, for liberty, and for happiness, meant. Our flag carries American ideas, American his-

tory, and American feelings. Beginning with the Colonies and coming down to our time, in its sacred heraldry, in its glorious insignia, it has gathered and stored chiefly this supreme idea: *Divine right of liberty in man*. Every color means liberty; every thread means liberty; every form of star and beam or stripe of light means liberty. Not lawlessness, not license; but organized institutional liberty—liberty through law, and laws for liberty!

THE INDIAN'S PROPHECY.

DEDICATED TO MISS SUSIE GENTRY, OF TENNESSEE.

["The charming Mary Philipse, daughter of Lord Frederick Philipse, of a noble Bohemian family, was married to Captain Roger Morris, in January, 1758." *Benson J. Lossing, Historian.*]

NEAR twenty long years ere the proud Eagle soar'd,
Soared free from the Lion's embrace
Where prodigal Nature her beauties outpoured,
Dwelt a maiden of lofty, proud place.

She dwelt where the Hudson's broad tide swept along
Verdant banks gemmed with daisies of white,
And cypress, whose scarlet bells shook to the song
Of the thrush through the fair summer night.

As light as the fawn's was her step on the lawn,
'Twas music to a proud soldier brave;
Her beauty his heart from the Old World had drawn
Clear across the Atlantic's deep wave.

Many gallant men bowed to her glorious charms—
Mary Philipse, the "Pride of the West."
Even Washington bowed, before war's stern alarms
Thundered loud o'er the land of the blest.

But not unto him would Lord Frederick's daughter
E'er plight her proud troth—not to him—
But smiled on a captain; quite wise her friends thought her,
For the star of the New World was dim.

One day when the sun, flanked with mountains of gold,
In the occident slowly went down,
And perfumes from myriads of blossoms uprolled
Round the mansion that sat like a crown

In the midst of its fountains, and towering trees,
And blooms of the clinging woodbines,
Where mocking-birds played "hide and seek" with the breeze,
The fair Mary parted the vines

That grew o'er a porch in luxuriance wild ;
Looked forth—her face bright as the dawn —
Saw a youth moor a boat to the bank—how she smiled !
As she lightly stepped out on the lawn ;

And in the rich sunset that streaked with bright gold
The broad flowering grounds, went the maid ;
The shelving bank reached, where the blue waters rolled
Now in sunshine, now darkling in shade.

They swift floated out on the Hudson's wide stream,
While the birds, homeward bound, clef the air ;
The moon in the gentian-hued east soft did beam,
And wild blossoms bowed their heads there.

And high o'er the water the grand Palisades
Shone afar in the soft even-tide :
He drew her more close as they passed the dark shades,
Where a great painted savage might hide.

He whispered his love on the river's clear wave,
And the maiden shyly plighted her vows ;
Sweeter words could not fall on the ears of the brave,
When at the altar of Beauty he bows.

The water-tones through drooping ferns softly strayed,
And the Katy-dids sung a sweet tune.
Castle Philipse loomed high—'gainst whose scarr'd front had played
Storms of war, lone and grim in the moon,

Where the maiden's proud ancestor's dwelt in the past
Defying the savages' skill
To take their rough stronghold : Two centuries east
Their shades o'er it,—'tis standing there still.

Their vows scarcely rose o'er the splash of the oars
Where now, gilded palaces glide.
Such moments Elysium her glories outpours
On the heart, in a full golden tide.

Oh ! swift, passed that summer in Hudson's green vale
Where love and hope sang their sweet song ;
And cold winds of autumn turned gay blossoms pale,
And birds to the Southland did throng.

On the gray Palisades, the thick clambering vines
Frost-smitten, were golden and red;
And ripe cones that rattled from tall emerald pines,
Proclaimed that the summer was dead.

Mount Washington towered in the dim yellow haze,
And the hills shown in crystal and gold;
And purple fruit hung in the sun's slanting rays,
And autumn's rich days were soon told.

The forests that crowned the broad river were bare
And garnered all safe, were the sheaves;
Chill Borcas rushed down from his far northern lair
And swept to earth all the lingering leaves.

One day, when the vale wore a carpet of snow,
To the mansion-house happy guests came;
The silver sleigh-bells made a musical flow
With the voice of many a high dame.

To the wedding of the "Pride of the West" they had come—
Mary Philipse, the gay and the fair,
'Neath rich silken awnings in the grand drawing-room
The good rector married her, there

To the man of her choice. Then followed glad words;
And the bride in her diamonds and lace
As happy and bright, as her darling pet birds,
A vision of beauty and grace,

Led the way to the feast; richly sparkled the wines,
With laughter and wit sped the time
When, lo! at the door in the sun's slanting lines
Stood a son of the far western clime.

A blanket of scarlet enwrapped his tall form,
And the fire of Prophecy burned
In his dark lofty eye, that wore a wierd charm,
As on the fair bride it was turned.

He opened his lips—came his measured words plain;
"From you your possessions shall pass
When the Eagle has despoiled the Lion of his mane."
He was gone—with fondest caress

The bridegroom soothed his beautiful bride;
But she pondered the message; years sped,
And the words were fulfilled, when to Great Britain's side
Her husband, a loyalist, fled!

ANNIE SOMERS GILCHRIST.

THE WHEEL AND DISTAFF,

THE INSIGNIA OF THE SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE
AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

As the wisely chosen emblem of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution is in the form of a spinning wheel and the distaff, it is fitting that we find interest in anything concerning these most womanly instruments. It is the tendency of this progressive age to call a woman "new" if she indulges in the out-of-door recreations which are so health giving. Perhaps the zeal of the nineteenth century is responsible for the erroneous opinion that a woman is away from her home too much. We are proud to say all true women cling to the sacredness of their own firesides as fondly to-day as when "the women plied the distaff in the brave days of old."

Longfellow has given us a charming picture of Priscilla and John Alden; her wheel giving her the necessary occupation to take away the nervous energy which the occasion called forth, while John Alden pleads for his friend, telling her how Miles Standish was "a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, England." After Priscilla had given John a chance to speak for himself, he watches her dextrous fingers one afternoon in autumn, he tells her when he sees her spinning and spinning, never idle a moment but thrifty and thoughtful of others, she is transformed and is no longer: "Priscilla, but Bertha the Beautiful Spinner."

Poets and writers have ever loved to picture the domestic woman. Dante tells us of the "one who waked to rock the cradle, hushing it with sounds that soothed the restless infancy. Another, with her maidens drawing off the tresses, lectured them."

"Old tales of Troy and Fesole and Rome." Helen of Troy was said to possess a golden distaff, while going still further back we find the twenty-eighth (28) Idyl of Theocritus written B. C. 258, to be one of the most beautiful and simple works of that famous Latin poet. Although it is said to be better to read ten lines in the original, however painfully, than ten can-

tos of a translation, this idyl has been so admirably given us in our language that if some of the rhythm be lost enough of the song remains to point to us the melody. We easily recognize the meter used by Longfellow in *Evangeline*. Theocritus is about to voyage to Miletus to visit his friend the physician Nicias, and chooses an ivory distaff as a gift to Theugenis the wife of Nicias. He thus addresses his gift :

O distaff ! practiced in wool spinning, gift of the blue-eyed Minerva !
 Labor at thee is fitting to wives who seek the good of their husbands !
 Trustfully come thou with me to the far famous city of Neleus,
 Where stands the temple of Venus, uprising 'mid reeds green and pliant.
 Thither we ask of Jove his gift of smooth seas and favoring breezes
 So that (O grateful sight) Nicias our friend may greet and be greeted.
 Nicias ! sacred scion of the charming and lovely voiced graces ;
 So that, O distaff of ivory cunningly fashioned, I give thee
 Into the hands of the wife of Nicias, the skilled and the learned.
 So shalt thou weave mantles for men and transparent tissues for women.
 Twice in each year will mothers of tender lambs yield up their soft fleeces
 To be shorn for Nicias fair wife, famed for her beautiful ankle,
 Known for her industry also and rich in all feminine virtues.
 Nor would I give thee out of our land to women careless and slothful,
 For native art thou of Syracuse, that city planted by Corinth,
 Deep in the marrow of Sicily vineyard and oil-bearing island.
 Now well shalt thou guarded be in the house of a man wise and gentle,
 Skilled in medicine-making and most potent to ward off diseases.
 Now shalt thou dwell in Ionia, in the lovely city Miletus,
 So that Nicias' fair wife, Theugenis of the beautiful ankle,
 May in the choice of a distaff be favored above her companions.
 So may she remember her friend, remember thy song-loving giver,
 And at thy sight, O my distaff, shall one woman say to another,
 Surely great grace lies in trifles and all gifts from friends are most precious.

CARRIE MARTHA SMITH.

HOW TORIES WERE HANGED.

RECORD OF A TRIAL IN WILKES COUNTY, GEORGIA, IN 1779.

NINE were tried, convicted, and sentenced in three days and all hung within ten days.

The stress of war and pillage has its effect on courts of justice, and the record of a trial in Wilkes County, in 1779, is a curious reminiscence of the rude justice of those days. At that time Savannah was in the hands of the British and raid-

ing parties of Tories and Indians distressed the interior counties as far up as Augusta. Smarting under the depredations of the raiders and incensed by the murderous onslaught of the Creek Indians, the people gave a short shift to the murderers when caught. But even in the pioneer settlements the dignity of law was respected and offenders were tried with due form and ceremony. But however dignified and solemn these proceedings, they were simple, direct, and speedy. Nine prisoners who were sentenced the last week of August were hung on the 3d and 6th of September. The charge against most of them was treason, against some murder, while against others it was horse stealing, "hog stealing," and murder.

Mr. C. E. Smith, of Washington, Wilkes County, Georgia, sends the *Constitution*, a manuscript of the records of the trial, with some interesting explanatory remarks. He writes, "The minute book is in a fair state of preservation. The paper is about such as was used in the South during the late war, and the book is bound in untanned hog skin."

The proceedings of this court, which in those days tried, convicted, and sentenced to death nine Tories, began on the 25th of August, 1779, at the house of Jacob McLendon, in Wilkes County, about thirteen miles from Heard's Fort, now Washington. Mr. Smith says that the Council had fled from Augusta and established the State government for a short time in Wilkes County, about six miles north of the site of Washington, and that Stephen Heard, mentioned as foreman of the grand jury, was president of the Executive Council of the State. The court was held by the Hon. William Downs, Benjamin Catchings, and Absalom Bedell, Esqs., assistant judges of the county aforesaid.

After appointing Henry Manaone clerk, Joseph Scott Riden sheriff, and John Dooly, Esq., State's attorney, the court adjourned till the next day, Thursday, when, on reconvening at an early hour, it ordered eight esquires and eight gentlemen, besides the foreman, to be sworn as grand jurors. The list includes George Walton, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and Stephen Heard, the chief executive of the State. Here it is in full :

GRAND JURORS.

Esquires.

Stephen Heard, Foreman,
 Barnard Heard,
 George Walton,
 David Burnett,
 Thomas Carter,
 Richard Aycock,
 Robert Day,
 John Gotham,
 Dyonisius Olive.

Gentlemen.

Holman Freeman, Sr.,
 David Coleman,
 Thomas Strand,
 Micajah Williamson,
 Jonas McLean,
 Jacob Ferrington,
 William Bailey,
 John Gloss.

After this William Harper was appointed deputy sheriff and the court adjourned till 4 o'clock.

In the afternoon the grand jury came in, heard the charge of the court and retired. Then began the swearing of witnesses, and Charles Jordan, Drury Rogers, and William Henderson were put under oath and sent before the grand jury as witnesses for the State against Joshua Rials.

John O'Neal, George Dooly, and Robert Morgan were also sworn and directed to attend the grand jury as witnesses for the State against James Mobley. The witnesses wherever referred to are called "evidences."

The grand jury did its work with dispatch, and though the witnesses were not sworn until after 4 o'clock, two indictments were brought in the same afternoon. The indictments were against Joshua Rials and James Mobley, and the following copies show the character of the predatory warfare practiced by the British and Indians. The indictment against Joshua Rials was as follows:

STATE OF GEORGIA	} For high treason against the State and
vs.	
JOSHUA RIALS.	
	acting in conjunction with Tate and the
	Creek Indians.

We, the grand jury for the county of Wilkes, in the State aforesaid, on our oaths do present that Joshua Rials is guilty of high treason against this State, and that he did act in conjunction with Tate and the Creek Indians, was doing murder on the frontiers of this county last March, it being contrary to all laws and good government of the said State and to the evil example of others.

JOHN DOOLY,
Attorney General.

Evidences in behalf of the State: Charles Jordan, Drury Rogers, William Henderson, Charles Jordan, Jr., and Abraham Hill.

The Grand Jury—

Say—the above is a true bill.

STEPHEN HEARD, *Foreman*.

The indictment against James Mobley alleges treason, but is not specific as to the nature of the offense. Instead it specifies horse and hog stealing, and charges him with stealing a black horse, the property of John Garnett, in Richmond County, and with stealing fifty-seven head of hogs, the property of Robert Morgan.

In this case the “evidences” for the State were John O’Neal, George Dooley, Robert Morgan, Joseph Leggett, and Samuel Lanier.

The prisoners were brought in, pleaded not guilty on the general issue, and were sent to the guard, from whence they came, to be brought to Barr to-morrow morning as soon as court sits:

The court met the next morning at 7 o’clock and the following petit jurors were sworn:

Holmes Burman,	Mathew Moor,
Wm. Butler,	Wm. Daniel,
John Barnes,	Joseph Collins,
Wm. Bonier,	Jacob McLendon, Jr.,
Henry Dukes,	Mordica Moor,
James White,	Robt. Hammet.

“Gentlemen.”

James Mobley was tried and acquitted but he was held by the court, and on Saturday Attorney General John Dooly moved to try him again upon the ground that new evidence had formed against the prisoner. On second trial the poor fellow was found guilty and hanged six days later.

Joshua Rials was convicted on the first trial and so were seven others. In several cases the jury which found them guilty recommended them to mercy, but the court sentenced them all to be hanged. Mobley on the following Friday, September 3, and the other eight on the sixth.

Jno. Anderson, charged with murder, was admitted to bail in the sum of £10,000.

The nine prisoners sentenced to death and hanged within ten days were Jno. Bennetfield, Jas. Mobley, David Wilder, Joshua Rials, Clement Zarbrough, Edward Dormy, Jno. Watkins, Wm. Crutchfield, and Jno. Young.

Mr. Smith writes of the trial: "Jacob McLendon's house, where the trial took place, was about thirteen miles from Washington, which was then known as Heard's Fort. The McLendon house was in the southeastern part of the county, near Fishing Creek, and about six miles east of Danbury. Washington had not then been settled or laid off, and the populous parts of the county were near Broad and Savannah rivers. The county had neither court-house nor jail at the time of this trial, and the prisoners were allowed such a short time in which to make preparations for death. Every able bodied man was needed for the common defense, and the judge did not feel that they could waste the time of men who were willing to serve their country in guarding those who had sided with the British, Tories, and Indians in murder, pillage, and arson.

It is noticeable that not one of the large number of persons who figured in this four days' trial had a middle name and that witnesses are always called "evidences."

Poor James Mobley was acquitted by the petit jury, but the Attorney General moved for a new trial, which was granted, and Mobley was convicted and sentenced to hang with the rest.

"Witnesses who were to testify before the grand jury were sworn in open court, and not by the foreman of the jury as it is done at this time."

It will be noticed that half of the grand jurors are written by the clerk as "esquires" and the other half as "gentlemen."

Heavy bonds were required of prisoners who were not ready for trial. John Anderson was not ready for trial on a charge of murder, and was required to give a bond of £10,000—equal to about \$50,000.

John Crutchfield, it seems, lodged a complaint before the grand jury against Colonels Dooly and Pickins for leading him into the British camps as a spy, but John failed to make out a

case. On the 14th of February, of that year, Clark, Dooly, and Pickens had fought and won the battle of Kettle Creek, and had become so popular, by reason of this important victory, that no jury could have been found who would question any of their official actions.

It would be interesting to know why John Berne was executed three days before the other eight, but the judges gave no reason for it in passing the sentences. The extreme simplicity of the proceedings is striking, and to a reader at this distance the court seems to have been organized to convict. At that time, August, 1779, the outlook for the patriots was not very hopeful, and it is not to be wondered at that this court was ready to visit a speedy punishment on all who sided with the British. "Altogether the record of this noted trial is something unique in the history of the Georgia courts."

A curious feature of the proceedings was that the grand jury found as a grievance "the running at large" of certain persons whom they suspected of giving aid and comfort to the British.

* * * * *

THE WAYSIDE INN.

[By Miss Sarah E. Raymond, of Boston, Massachusetts, member of the Letitia Green Stevenson Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, of Bloomington, Illinois.]

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF THE ABOVE CHAPTER.

THE "Tales of the Wayside Inn" have been familiar to readers of Longfellow for many years. That this inn has a veritable existence exactly as described, and every member of the group of story tellers is a real character, more or less known to fame, is not so well known.

Hundreds of Americans who spend time and money to visit places associated with the writings of Dickens, Scott, Goethe, and other foreign authors, have no idea how easily they can make a pilgrimage to this American Canterbury.

It was my good fortune in May, 1893, to visit, in company with Mr. and Mrs. George B. Haskell, of Marlboro, Massachusetts, this old inn made memorable in history and poetry through Longfellow's genius.

This ancient hostelry is located about four miles from Marlboro in a secluded nook among the Middlesex Hills in the town of Sudbury, and about twenty-five miles west of Boston on the main road between Boston and Worcester. This main road was formerly the old post route between Boston and the Connecticut River, over which a lumbering stage coach once passed twice a week. This post-route was established about 1711, and travelers availed themselves of the post-riders' company and stopped at this inn.

This old tavern, known in earlier days as the "Red Horse Inn," is embowered among the oak and elm trees which flank both sides of the road, and when you have reached the place so perfect is the sense of seclusion that it is difficult to realize the now deserted road was ever a much traveled public highway. The fanlight above its substantial front door, the old solid brass knocker, the twenty-four panes of glass to each of the windows, and other telltale points easily fix the approximate age of this once cheerful house to those who are skilled in the colonial architectural styles of rural New England.

At present, the house is like a "waif on the sea shore," left high and dry by some mighty tide, or a landmark which shows where the current of travel once flowed.

This old tavern was built by John Howe, a descendant of the noble family of that name in Britain. It was built early in the seventeenth century. It was first licensed under the name of the "Red Horse Inn," September 14, 1666, and kept as an inn by generation after generation of the Howes, the last being Lyman Howe, who served the guests of the house from 1831 until about 1860.

It was built first for a country seat, and it declined with the fortunes of the family from a stately mansion to an inn, but never an humble one. Its reputation for good cheer was second to none in all the Bay Colony.

"As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land may be,
Built in the old Colonial day,
When men lived in a grander way,
With ampler hospitality.

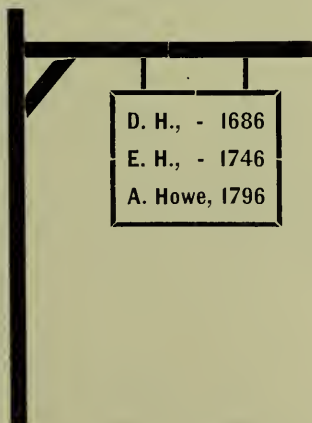
"A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall
Now somewhat fallen into decay,
With weather stains upon the wall,
And stairways worn, and crazy doors,
And creaking and uneven floors,
And chimneys huge, and tiled and tall."

On the other side the broad space left for the road are the capacious barns and outbuildings.

"Across the road the barns display
Their lines of stalls, their mows of hay ;
Through the wide doors the breezes blow,
The wattled cock struts to and-fro,
And half effaced by rain and shine,
The Red Horse prances on the sign."

The horse has always been a favorite symbol with inn-keepers. However tedious the journey, however shambling or void of spirit the hackney of the road, the steed on the hostel sign always pranced proudly, was of high mettle, and of as gallant carriage as was ever emblazoned on Saxon shield. The old sign post still stands, but is bereft of its ancient symbol.

The "Red Rorse" sign was put up in 1686. It had a swinging board, on one side of which a red horse was painted; on the other, D. H., 1686.



D. Howe stands for David Howe, who kept this inn when there were only two houses between it and Worcester. E. H. stands for Ezekiel Howe, who fought so well at Concord and

Saratoga. A. Howe was Adam Howe, father of the landlord of the poem.

This signboard, I am told, is still preserved as a relic.

The Wayside Inn is a great plain colonial mansion, built of solid oak, and made picturesque by its gambrel roof, moon-stone chimneys, and original tiny windows, eighty in number, and leaden sashes. The interior of the inn is spacious and cool.

Entering the front door of the inn you find yourself in a wide old-fashioned hall, running the whole length of the house.

At the further end of the hall you catch a glimpse of green meadows and golden grain, for the inn formerly had a farm of five hundred acres attached to it. [At present writing it has ninety acres.]

The first room on the right of the hall is the "tap-room," where the Sicilian went to seek the "missing star" when he disappeared from the pleiad of story tellers.

" But did not find him at the bar,
A place that landlords most frequent."

This tap-room is a long cavernous one, the oaken floor worn deep with the tread of two centuries; the massive oaken beams overhead are black with age. On one side is the large fireplace, around which used to gather stage-drivers, peddlers, and travelers of all kinds.

The old bar still stands in one corner, with its lattice work portcullis, through which the various drinks were passed, also the little desk where the tipler's score was set down, and the old escretoire. The massive oaken beams, from which the whitewash has fallen, are black, deeper in color perhaps from their long seasoning with the steam of spiced rum from the pewter vessels.

As long ago as 1724, during Lovewell's war, this tap-room was the rendezvous of the troops of horse that patrolled the roads in the vicinity—a band of steel-capped, buff-coated riders, who knew well where good liquors were to be had. On the day of the battle of Lexington the minute men from Worcester, led by Timothy Bigelow, rested here.

The chief scene of the poem is laid in the parlor, or guest room, the front room on the left of the hall.

“ But from the parlor of the inn,
 A pleasant murmur smote the ear,
 Like water rushing through a weir ;
 Oft interrupted by the din
 And laughter and loud applause,
 And, in each intervening pause,
 The music of a violin,
 The firelight shedding over all
 The splendor of a ruddy glow
 Filled the whole parlor large and low.
 It touched with more than wonted grace
 Fair Princess Mary’s pictured face ;
 It bronzed the rafters overhead,
 On the old spinnet’s ivory keys
 It played inaudible melodies ;
 It crowned the somber clock with flame,
 The hands, the hours, the maker’s name,
 And painted with a livelier red
 The landlord’s coat of arms again ;
 And flashing on the window pane,
 Emblazoned with its light and shade,
 The jovial rhymes that still remain ;
 Writ near a century ago,
 By the great Major Molineaux,
 Whom Hawthorne has immortal made.”

The jovial rhymes were on a pane of the window nearest the front door and were apparently cut with a diamond ring which sparkled on the finger of William Molineaux, Jr., whose father was the friend of Otis and John Adams. and the man that walked beside the King’s troops in Boston to save them from the insults of the townspeople. The pane containing the rhyme has been carefully preserved, which for safe keeping was removed from the window several years ago. Mr. Longfellow found them quite unsuitable for reproduction in his elegant meter ; but they are interesting :

“ What do you think
 Here is good drink
 Perhaps you may not know it,
 If not in haste do stop and taste
 You merry folks will show it.”

WM. MOLINEAUX, JR., ESQ.

24th June, 1774, Boston.

Little did that Major Molineaux dream of the tempest so soon to burst in Boston and vicinity.

Concerning Longfellow's allusion to this rhyme Hawthorne wrote: "It gratifies my mind to find my own name shining in your verses, even as if I had been gazing up to the moon and detected my own features in the profile."

Reëntering the hall and climbing the worn stairs which still show traces of having been decorated with painted landscapes on each step, you enter a large bedroom which was occupied on several occasions by Washington and Lafayette during the Revolutionary War, and by the latter again in 1825 when he revisited this country and made an address at the laying of the cornerstone of Bunker Hill Monument. From this bedroom you enter the old ballroom which occupies the entire second floor of the wing. It is an immense room, oblong in shape, with a huge fireplace at the end, and near it a musicians stand. Around the wall on all sides are stationary benches used for seats, and which when lifted up show compartments where the guests placed their wraps. This old room is a fascinating place for reveries—a place in which you see mental visions of the maidens and youth who danced, joked, and made love within these walls, and who for scores and scores of years have belonged to "that other village"

" Whose houses are thatched
With grass and flowers,
Never a clock to tell the hours;
The marble doors are always shut;
You may not enter at hall or hut,
All the village lies asleep;
Never a grain to sow or reap,
Never in dreams to moan or sigh,
Silent and idle, and low they lie."

The inn contains twenty-five rooms, beside a large, rambling old-time garret. The traveler's room may be seen, which room was occupied in common by persons of lesser note than Washington and Lafayette.

In the garret still remains the bed used by Colonel Howe's slave, Pete, a dwarf and hunchback. It is built like a steam-boat berth and fastened on the wall some five feet from the floor. It is reached by means of a ladder.

The hospitalities of the inn were always courteously and generously dispensed.

A traveler, after a hard day's jaunt in those bygone days, pulled up at the Red Horse. The landlord was at the door, hat in hand, with a cheery welcome and a shout to the blacks to care for the stranger's beast.

"It is winter, a mimic conflagration roars on the hearth, a bowl of punch is brewed, smoking hot. The guest, nothing loth, swallows the mixture, heaves a deep sigh, and declares himself better.

Soon there comes a summons to table, where good, wholesome roast beef, done to that perfection of which the turnspit only was capable, roasted potatoes with their russet jackets brown and crisp, and the good, sweet homemade bread completed the main meal. For drink, the well was deep, the water pure and sparkling, but home-brewed ale or cider was at the guest's elbow, and a cup of chocolate finished his repast."

In paying visits to some of these old "taverns" we feel inclined to repeat a mental ave to the departed company of glorious old fellows who cracked their jokes and sipped their punch so many years ago. It is a never failing delight to remember that these houses were once frequented by gentlemen in cocked hats, bag-wigs, small swords and the like; and that the conversation, graceful and polished, was such as is now never heard,*except in legitimate comedy as presented at some of our first-class theaters.

Some people have a mania for visiting apartments in which celebrated personages have yielded to the inevitable grim foe of mortality.

To my mind it is much more poetical to hold communion with the grand old men of the past in the haunts of their happiest hours, consecrated by the pleasantest of memories, and where the approaches of life's enemy were combatted with unflagging stomachs.

The full meaning of hostel enjoyment with its formal toasts, rattling choruses, and sparkling wit has often been shown.

We linger with Dryden at Will's Coffee House, where he is the lawgiver in all literary disputes.

We laugh at the Mitre in Fleet Street, where Boswell tells us Johnson used to sit up late for the purpose of snubbing burley Sam.

In the rickety galleries of the White Hart, Dickens first introduces us to Sam Weller.

Mr. Tennyson, in that inimitable monologue, Will Water-proof's Lyrical, which has given additional relish to every Englishman's mutton chops or pint of port, has introduced us to his muse under the exhilarating influence of the blazing hearth and good cheer of Cox's Tavern.

He tells the waiter, "a somewhat pottle-bodied boy," that when he dies,

"No carved cross-bones, the types of Death,
Shall show thee passed to heaven;
But carved cross-pipes, and underneath,
A pint-pot neatly graven."

The tavern occupied in the eighteenth century the place which the club does now, with the greater advantage that its doors were open to all comers.

Any stranger might mingle in the general conversation and, as the poor Irishman told Goldsmith, when instructing him how to live in London on thirty pounds a year, by spending two pence at a coffee-house you might be "in good company several hours a day."

What was characteristic of the old English inns may be applied with certain modifications to those this side the water.

Signs swung in Cornhill, Boston; Broadway, New York; or Chestnut street, Philadelphia, similar to those that creaked within a mile of Temple Bar.

Bench and bar, merchants and tradesmen assembled at the taverns to read their letters, discuss the latest phases of European politics, and exchange the current gossip.

Literature we had none, but Swift, Dryden, Pope, Milton, and the rest, were as warmly criticised or lauded as they might have been in Longacre or Cheep.

When George III was king the taverns became noted as political centers—nearly all the Revolutionary measures being concerted in tavern coteries or clubs. The Non-Importation Act originated at a private club; the destruction of the tea was planned in a tavern.

The annals of some of these old inns would not be without interest in connection with certain passages of American history—such for instance as the meeting of the delegates to the Philadelphia Congress of 1774, at Smith's City Tavern, before they walked to Carpenter's Hall to organize; or that never-to-be-forgotten leave-taking of his lieutenants, by Washington, at Francis's Tavern, in New York—a scene to which that of Fontainebleau bears no comparison.

But for all its traditions the wayside inn or "Red Horse" might have dozed away its declining years, forgotten of men, if Mr. Longfellow had not found it out, rekindled the fire on its cold hearth, and given it such custom as no hostelry since Chaucer's time has enjoyed.

Longfellow first saw this inn when, at the age of nineteen, he was on his way to New York to sail for Europe. It was then a coaching station. Later in life, when the inn, still called the Red Horse Inn, became a favorite resort of some of his friends, he visited them, and took observations for the poems afterwards written at Cragie House and Nahant. Dr. T. W. Parsons passed a night at the inn. The beauty of the place, and the babbling brook in which the Sicilian was fain to angle, so charmed him that he, with his family, organized a party to spend the next summer there, and from this assemblage, combining the delights of intellect, music, and a high order of wit, was drawn the plot of the poem. This Dr. T. W. Parsons was the "poet" of the poem, and has proved his right to the title by several poems he has written in the inn. He was also a translator of Dante. Into his mouth are put the tales of "The Birds of Killingworth" and of "Lady Wentworth" as befitting his character of charity and tolerance.

The Student's character was drawn from Mr. Henry Ware Wales, well known from his bequest to Harvard College of part of his extensive library. He it was who loved

" The twilight that surrounds
The borderland of old romance,"

the chronicles of Charlemagne, and the deeds of the knights of the Table Round. He was,

" With many a social virtue, grand,
And yet a friend of solitude ;"

evinced both by his love of his "great volumes garmented in white," and by the pleasant meetings in which he drew together in winter the friends who gathered at the Wayside Inn in summer. He speaks the tales of love and youth, of Eginhard and Emma, daughter of Charlemagne; of Sir Frederigo and his falcon, and a mist of romance ever envelopes his words and makes them fascinating. Henry Ware Wales, the student, though long dead, will ever be remembered as the

"The youth of quiet ways,
A student of old books and days."

The young Sicilian, Luigi Monti, was long connected with Harvard University and was an especial favorite of Longfellow. The poem refers to his life in Palermo. A few years ago he lectured and gave lessons in his own language in New York. This Sicilian was of blithesome mood, with laugh and jest ever ready upon his lips to provoke discussion, and tact ever prompt to soothe it, ere it rose too high, seeming to breathe the languor and spice of his island home in the stories he told. Never would "Robert of Sicily," as "the monk of Casal-Maggiore," have come forth from a northern brain, and only a happy son of the South would have dared to compete upon Jerusha Howe's spinnet with the sweet strains of ineffable power and sadness which Ole Bull drew from his violin.

Prof. Daniel Treadwell, of Harvard, pictured as the theologian, spent several seasons there with his family. Quite different are the tales of this theologian from those of the student. They breathe perplexity and sacrifice for conscience's sake. In spite of the dark story of "Torquemada," Dr. Daniel Treadwell, was a man of great kindness of heart, concealed under a very silent exterior. He spent much of his time in inveighing against encouraging beggars by giving them money.

One day an organ grinder stopped to play before the inn, and the Sicilian, opening the window, threw a dime to him. "Very bad, very bad," said the doctor. "You encourage idleness when the fields lie uncultivated for want of laborers. Humph! Humph!" This last being his favorite exclamation.

A few minutes after one of the ladies of the party saw him steal out of the back door, and thinking himself unseen, slip a quarter of a dollar into the organ man's hand, who was then drinking at the pump.

His curiosity was much roused at one time by the voracity of a young robin, which was kept as a pet in the house. He collected a quantity of worms, weighed them, weighed the bird, and then gave the worms to it to eat. At the end of the day he weighed the bird again, and found to his great delight that it had eaten three times its own weight. From this comes the mention of the corpulent robins in the prelude to the second part.

It is well known that the musician was Ole Bull. Although he never visited the inn, he furnished the "fair Apollo of the North" that Longfellow wanted, and his personality chimes in well with the long saga which the poet at first intended to publish separately, while the passages in which his music plays are some of the most beautiful and sympathetic in the poem.

Israel Edrehi, an Oriental dealer in Boston, figures as

"A Spanish Jew from Alicante,

* * * *

Vender of silks and fabrics rare

And attar of rose from the Levant."

His tales give forth the odor of sandal and of cinnamon. He moves through the poem apart from the others, slowly, and with a sort of mystery which is rightly his. He sings of victorious captains, of King Solomon, of rabbis learned in the law. The wonder of the East is in them all, and over all broods the greatest mystery of life, the Angel of Death. The Jew personifies the unknown, which is necessary to the telling of all true tales.

The "Tales of the Wayside Inn" were begun in 1862. The plan of the tales is not new, but is a reminiscence of the "Decameron" of Boccaccio and of the Canterbury Tales. In the former the terrors of the plague hang over the merry company—an idea improved by Dickens and some others, but in the Canterbury Tales we have a jovial company, composed in part of knight, squire, prioress, reeve, samplour, and pardener, with the host of the Tabard as guide, philosopher, referee.

Mr. Longfellow's company is made up of landlord, student, Spanish Jew, Sicilian, musician, theologian, and poet, whose

stories are told around a blazing wood fire in the best room of the Red Horse.

The seven spirits of this magic band seem to live still in the quaint old hostelry; their voices echo about its broad hearth, mingled ever and anon with the plaintive cry of the matchless Cremona of Stradivari; and their sound carries far beyond quiet Sudbury into lands distant as Sicily and Alicant, whose people read familiar legends in their tales.

Adam Howe, father of Lyman, the "Landlord" of the poem, had three children, Adam, Jr., Lyman and Jerusha.

Adam died young. Jerusha was educated in a fashionable boarding school in Boston. Miss Jerusha was four years the senior of the "Squire," the landlord of the inn, and was cherished by the doughty Esquire with peculiar tenderness, and her death, which occurred twenty years before his own, remained a lasting sorrow. Fascinating stories are told of Miss Jerusha's beauty and her gentle manner.

The old spinnet of the inn parlor, the first musical instrument of its kind to appear in the town of Sudbury, was purchased for Miss Jerusha, who used to play upon it "The Battle of Prague" and "Copenhagen Waltz." She used to sing, too, the sweet strains of "Highland Mary," so fashionable in her day. She died unmarried in 1842, at the age of forty-four, none of her suitors being considered good enough for her. It was from her spinnet, left standing in the inn after her early death, that the Sicilian drew those dreamy strains of music which served to soothe the temper of the company, made occasionally impatient by rainy weather or disputes on theology.

By Jerusha's death Lyman was left alone. Longfellow's description of him is said to be true to life.

" Grave in his aspect and attire ;
A man of ancient pedigree,
A justice of the peace was he,
Known in all Sudbury as "The Squire."
Proud was he of his name and race,
Of old Sir William and Sir Hugh,
And in the parlor, full in view,
His coat of arms well framed and glazed,
Upon the wall in colors blazed ;

He beareth gules upon his shield,
A chevron argent in the field
With three wolf's heads, and for the crest
A Wyvern part per pale addressed
Upon a helmet barred ; below
The scroll reads, " By the name of Howe,"
And over this, no longer bright,
Though glimmering with a latent light,
Was hung the sword his grandsire bore
In the rebellious days of yore,
Down there at Concord in the fight."

This grandsire was Colonel Howe, who was appointed a member of Lafayette's staff because of his knowledge of French, and that accounts for Lafayette's visit to the inn.

One old man in Sudbury said : " I'd a known Longfellow meant Squire Howe if he hadn't put his name there ; it sounds jest like him."

In the landlord's tale of Paul Revere's ride Robert Newman climbed the stairs to the belfry of the North Church tower,

" Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all,
Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead
In their night encampment on the hill."

The reference is here made to the old Copp's Hill burying ground near the Old North or Christ's Church.

Lyman Howe never married, because he looked upon the country girls as no fit match for Squire Howe. He was a man rather imposing in appearance, somewhat dignified and grave. He was at one time a prominent singer in the Congregational choir, a school committee man, and justice of the peace. Years ago he was a familiar object in South Sudbury, riding in his chaise with the top tipped back, as he went to the post office or to visit the district schools ; and he well represented, in his younger years, the family of Howe. He was the last link in the illustrious family. He was very proud of the family silver, brought from England, all bearing the Howe crest. " Squire " Lyman Howe was a type of the aristocratic landlord who has almost ceased to exist in New England.

Lyman Howe lived as a sort of gentleman farmer, overseeing

his land, but doing but little actual work, and evidently always a welcome guest at the fireside when stories were in vogue. He was well learned in astronomy, and had an intense fear of lightning. It is said that during a thunder storm he would sit on a high stool in the middle of the bar-room, with his feet carefully drawn up on the rounds, and calculate how near the flashes must come before he could be injured by them.

As a tavern keeper he did less and less business as his years increased, and finally the landlord died, March, 1861, being found dead in his bed by his faithful negro servant Pete. He was the last of the name of Howe who lived at that famous old house. Since his death the place has been a resort for pleasure seekers and people of antiquarian tastes. It has been visited from far and near, and so it will continue to be as time passes.

One turns instinctively to such a house as this, which has been from its earliest occupancy the seat of the refinements and courtesies of life, for possessions of historic value. Marvelous stories have been told of the auction that followed Squire Howe's death, but they are extravagant. Probably the house was largely depleted of what it once contained. The family was never one of great wealth, and the circumstances attending the life of the last landlord would naturally scatter many of the furnishings of the old-time inn.

The heirlooms which the "landlord" left became the property of his remote but well-beloved kinswoman, Miss Eaton, of Shrewsbury.

Among the heirlooms may be mentioned the following: Silver buckles for stock, knees, and shoes; a silver watch, owned by Lyman Howe's uncle; the landlord's best-loved legacy, "The sword the grandsire wore;" a daguerreotype of the landlord of the Tales; several rewards of merit; the Old World coat of arms; a beautiful silk scarf, which Miss Jerusha used to wear.

"Fair Princess Mary's pictured face," which hung so long upon the storied wall, is also preserved. It is a half-length mezzo tint engraving of the daughter of George II, by the well known French engraver, Jean Simons, framed in a simple moulding of stained wood, now black, or nearly so.

The inn came to Lyman in direct descent from the founder, John Howe, but at his death it passed away from the Howes. Since that time it has been a peaceful farm house.

[Miss Raymond presented the above paper, as a special guest, before the History Club of Bloomington, Illinois. The fitness of this topic, for this occasion, is apparent when it is stated that the hostess, Mrs. James S. Neville, is a direct lineal descendant of the first illustrious proprietor of the Wayside Inn. The speaker referred to this fact in her *au revoir* by offering the following:]

In enduring verse the landlord's fame is given,
In rival tales the various guests have striven ;
But we'll drink to the health, the culture, the fame
Of the landlord's descendant, our hostess by name.]

OLD WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA.

THERE is always more or less of romance (and romance means suffering) connected with the early history of all towns, if in our busy lives we stop to recognize it, but to Virginians there should be more than a common interest in the settlement of this region.

It may be a matter of dispute as to the seniority of our valley towns, but this is of little moment; still Winchester claims that two white families lived on that spot in 1730. In 1716 Governor Spotswood mentions in his diary viewing the valley from the Blue Ridge and also the Great Lakes in the distance. These cavaliers were probably the first white men who entered this region.

The Shawnee Indians, a tribe of the Algonquin family, seemed to have had a wide hunting ground, which extended from the Blue Ridge to the Ohio, and some say to the Mississippi River. It is not thought that any tribes had their permanent homes in this immediate vicinity, but near the present site of Winchester is a spot called Shawnee Hollow. Scattered through this hollow are seven or eight beautiful springs, and here Cornstalk, the brave, had his capital. A legend tells how the tribe would wander far away, yet pine so for the Shawnee water that they would die of this longing. Since then the spring has the charm that once having drunk of its water you will never be happy until you return.

This vast principality of Orange lay here between the two mountain ranges, but was almost without limit. In 1738 Frederick and Augusta counties were separated from it by an act of General Assembly. Meanwhile a number of Germans, Scotch-Irish, and a few Quakers moved down from Pennsylvania and encamped about the Shawnee Springs. The little town grew to be of some importance in a few years, and in 1743 we find that thirteen justices for Frederick County were appointed by Governor Gooch, qualified at the house of one James Wood, organized a court, and chose the little settlement of Old Town as a county seat, changing its name to Fredericktown.

Properly speaking, James Woods seems to have been the founder of the town, having given the land on which the north-western part is built. "It is an old and well-authenticated tradition in the Valley of Virginia that in 1750 on a beautiful October day there met at Shawnee Springs, near the present site of Winchester, three men who represented three distinct types of civilization. Their object was the peaceful solution of the problem of how the English Lord, proprietor of all the great valley, holding his title from the King of Great Britain, could dispose of his land to active settlers and invite immigration to come and stay; how the Indian who had for years encamped every summer at these gushing fountains, could be legally and peacefully deprived of their vested rights; and how George Washington, the surveyor of Lord Fairfax, born on these lands, an English subject, could safely act as neutral and do justice to both; could quietly and peacefully settle this momentous affair. It was never settled and the Indian war of 1754 ensued."

But to return. In 1752 the name of this little settlement was again changed by Lord Fairfax to Winchester, after the old English town of that name, meaning in the Saxon White City, and called by the Romans, Venti Castra—the windy camp.

When Lord Fairfax laid out the town, ten years before, he deeded to it a lot for the established church, one for a market, and a square for the use of towns and country people where they might leave horses and vehicles to await their business or

pleasure on their court days. Recently the town has claimed a right to make a park of this square, but the country people refuse to give up a right which has come down to them through generations. Lord Fairfax also made one of the old English customs the conditions of his gift; that to each town lot sold an "out-lot" was attached, and not to be separated by any act of sale. This law had to be annulled by the State, as it gave endless trouble. By him the streets were called from old London, Pallmall, Cork, Prince, and King. Perhaps the most interesting character of this period and region was this same Thomas, fifth Lord Fairfax. A friend of Addison and a constant contributor to the *Spectator* entitles him to rank as an author. His early life had been clouded by a great disappointment. Being of high lineage he was affianced to a lady of equal right and to whom he was deeply attached. She, at the last moment, proved false to him by heartlessly forsaking him to marry another. His mortification was so great that he sailed at once for Virginia.

Perhaps he wished to see with his own eyes the vast territory he had inherited from his mother, who was the daughter of Lord Culpepper. Upon arriving (1749) at Belle Haven, now Alexandria, a port of some importance, he first visited his cousin, William Fairfax, who lived at Belvoir. Here he met Washington, a boy of sixteen, at the home of his brother Lawrence, who had married a daughter of William Fairfax.

This home was Mt. Vernon, named in compliment to his friend, Admiral Vernon. A warm friendship sprung up between Lord Fairfax and Washington, and this intercourse with a man of the world, and also a man of letters, did much toward the developing of the character of the boy. Lord Fairfax offered him the task of surveying his inheritance, and, accompanied by a son of William Fairfax, they together undertook the difficult journey. In less than a year they returned, having located and surveyed the whole region, 570,000 acres. Hearing of all his possessions and the richness of the country Lord Fairfax determined to visit it. He built here the famous Greenway Court, as a home for his manager. Believing here he might forget his woes he returned to England to make arrangements for a final move to Virginia. From thence he

brought with him a splendid library, horses, dogs, and much stock. All these were brought from Belle Haven across the mountain at Ashby's Gap and on to Greenway Court, near Winchester, which now became his home. The little village of White Post, Clarke County, Virginia, still bears its name as a monument to Lord Fairfax, which monument he unwittingly erected in the painted post to guide the traveler to his home through the wilderness. It is useless to say that this man did more than any other in shaping the destinies of the little German settlement of Old Town, now Winchester. He built roads, he laid off the town, he presided in its courts, and was the benefactor of all new settlers in this region. He bestowed his rich lands upon many and was known as the friend to Indian and white man alike.

Born a royalist he would not side against his country, yet his great heart was ever with the Colonists, and he remained a true friend to his beloved protégé, Washington, who frequently visited him. Upon hearing of the surrender at Yorktown, so many feelings were involved that he desired no longer to live. And so, true to the royal line of kings, true to his love for Virginia and her young hero, and above all true to the ever-calling cries of humanity, this old cavalier passed away from his hunting ground, his lodge in the wilderness, leaving the world better and richer for his having lived and suffered and conquered.

To-day a smiling town looks back with reverence upon his memory.

To-day is seen a tablet in the church of his fathers, transplanted as it was, still an evidence of ancestral belief.

The stranger may drink in these facts together with others of later interest, may see the home and tomb of Daniel Morgan and now the monument to our Confederate dead, so true, so brave, so pitiful, our gallant heroes who fought and bled and died for a beloved cause.

“ Ah! soldiers to your honored rest,
Your truth and valor bearing,
The bravest are the tenderest
The loving are the daring.”

STAUNTON.

THE history of Staunton is far too familiar to the minds of its people to admit of anything but an outline of the founding and the character of the founders.

Like Winchester, the earliest date of the first settlement at the point now known as Staunton is uncertain. Some historians give the date as 1732 when John Lewis came down from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and settled here.

Mr. Cooke states he was of French origin and his ancestors may be traced to the Huguenots who fled first to Scotland, thence to Ireland, and afterwards came to the peaceful Quaker land. This seems more than probable, for the daring courage and unflinching bravery required in facing a hidden foe and pushing civilization into a trackless region has peculiarly characterized such descent.

Still we do not hear of any actual settlement until September 6, 1736, when Governor Gooch issued a patent to William Beverley, for Beverley Manor, 118,491 acres. Two years now elapsed before the town of Staunton was first laid off, having been known as Beverley's Mill Place previously.

In 1738, together with Frederick, Augusta had been separated from Orange, which wide territory extended "between the great mountains on the River Sherando," "Fair daughter of the stars." William Beverley seems to have deeded twenty-five acres to the court-house and county use, which idea of grand proportions was in keeping with his lordly possessions. In February, 1738, he conveyed to John Lewis 2,071 acres, a part of Beverley Manor. There appears to be a question as to the origin of the name "Staunton." Mr. Waddell gives it, rather doubtfully, in honor of the wife of Governor Gooch who was of the family of Staunton, in the old country.

The town was laid off and divided into forty-four lots, each lot containing half an acre. The streets, Beverley, Frederick, and Johnston seemed to cross at right angles, as now, Lewis, Water, and Augusta.

It may be interesting to copy a few figures from Mr. Waddell's history; the corner on which the Crowle Building now stands sold in 1749 for £9 15s.=\$32.50. One-half same lot

sold in 1886 for \$13,300, buildings hardly estimated. The Young Men's Christian Association corner sold for £5=\$24.50. These prices but show the value of years as a means to enhance the value of territory. Again I would quote from the same writer, who speaks of the great amount of game in Augusta. In 1750 a levy of 256 wolves heads was made, and "the whole head had to be produced." By this means they appear to have been effectually exterminated. He also mentions the pillory, the ducking stool, and the whipping-post. These all sound too much like old England to be familiar to American ears and perhaps fell into disuse when the war occupied the minds of these mountaineers.

The Church of England was enforced in her Colonies, and the vestry carried great power in all civil management. Hence according to law it was necessary that a vestry should be chosen in order to further the interests of the community. The vestry of Augusta Parish met for the first time April 6, 1747. Occasional services were held in the log court-house. In April, 1750, Beverley gave land for a church and cemetery, and in 1760 the building was begun, but was not finished until 1763. This church was pulled down in 1831 and a new one erected, which still later gave place to another. The rise of the Presbyterian Church in this region is very interesting.

Perhaps a glimpse of the topography of the Valley of Virginia may not be amiss, as it so directly influences the people of these several sections. The Blue Ridge was nature's dividing line for a long time between the English Colonists and all the vast western world.

As before shown, Spotswood's adventure in 1716 was the beginning of a movement in this direction, and when Lord Fairfax conveyed to Colonel Robert Carter 63,000 acres of land, a small part of his inheritance, many of the friends and relations of Colonel Carter emigrated from the low country to this tract, bringing with them the characteristics of the English people, the old English aristocracy, the English Church, and the English customs in general. Hence we see the people of Clarke and some of those in the adjacent counties separate and distinct, with all the old dusty cobwebs of English ancestry still clinging to them.

To recognize this especial feature and difference of nationality it is necessary to live in their midst; to lift the latch, as it were, of these open doors; to stretch one's knees beneath the polished mahogany, heavy laden; to laugh, to smoke, to sing, to dance, to drive all in the glorious autumn or the fresh springtide; these are the means alone by which one reads the charm, the glint of hallowed association.

Both Beverley and Fairfax and many others belonged to this same race. Still their nationality was overshadowed by the Scotch-Irish element, which made its way into the valley from Pennsylvania and other quarters. These men were of another stamp. Strong, sturdy, adventurous men of firm character and belief, the descendants of Covenanters, the sons of Scottish chiefs and Highland Marys. They loved these fastnesses because their natures were formed of the same strong fiber. Their ideas of freedom of thought and action, liberty to worship God as they chose, were here allowed the breadth of vast dominion. What cared they for luxury and ease; it was foreign to their natures. The English coach and four had no charm for them, their sturdy bodies but encased their sturdier souls.

These men were the backbone of Virginia armies, as in the years to come they followed Stonewall Jackson to his death or fearlessly dashed forward under the daring lead of Virginia's gallant cavalier.

There is a close relationship among all the first towns of the "Old Dominion," the circumstances under which they were founded, the period at which the movement first began, beside the ties of blood which run through and through its whole population.

It is perhaps this network of kinship, the tracing back of thousands to one common ancestor, which unites our people as no other interests can.

Blood answers to blood, as heart to heart and soul to soul, and the cry of Virginia in her distress entered into the ears of her sons, who rose and fought for her dear name, offering their poor bleeding bodies a willing sacrifice to

"Virginia first, then Lee."

MARIA P. DUVAL.

NEW BRITAIN IN THE DAYS OF THE REVOLUTION.

WE commenced our duties as members of this organization by looking up the story and achievements of our ancestors. It sounds very heartless, but we were glad to find among them those who fought, bled, and died—primarily for their country, of course—but also for the benefit of their descendants, and as Chauncey Depew delightfully said, “We are them!”

But the study of family records does not satisfy the historic instinct newly aroused within us, and as loyal citizens of this city we question how it was with New Britain during Revolutionary times and what was its share in the great struggle for liberty. We feel sure that in common with every village and hamlet in the State it had its story of patriotic men and women, whose names and deeds are now partially forgotten.

The early records contain few historic incidents, and impress me afresh with the *newness* of the place, for it was not until the present century that New Britain was incorporated as a town. Previous to that time its history is interwoven with that of Farmington and Berlin, in a most confusing way. In these days of intense interest in Revolutionary history, when every place is jealously claiming its heritage of honor, the historian of New Britain, with Farmington on one side and Berlin on the other, is steering between Scylla and Charybdis, and if wise will strictly follow the chart, which says, once for all, this is not historic ground.

There is a strong desire to record some stirring event of Revolutionary days that belongs peculiarly to New Britain history, some heroic deed or incident that may give us distinction among the Chapters of the State. We envy Hartford, Farmington, Bristol, and Newington their ancient landmarks, their historic trees and famous houses. Alas! it is astonishing how perversely great events and great personages of Revolutionary times avoided this particular spot; we may walk the length and breadth of the city without feeling we are treading on sacred historic ground. Perhaps I should except the old highway from Stanley Quarter to Hartford, over which a body of the French troops marched, at the close of the war in 1781. Back-

ward over the years we send them a grateful thought, remembering that under foreign skies they and their countrymen had been fighting America's battle for freedom and independence—blessings that might have been long delayed but for their timely aid. Weary and footsore they must have been as they marched along the rugged way, but we believe they were a jubilant company withal, rejoicing that their enemy and ours, obstinate old King George, was finally conquered.

We have no "Mecca" within our borders which we as patriotic pilgrims may visit; no houses made forever famous because their walls have sheltered some hero of the Revolution; no sites which may serve to keep fresh in our minds the heroism of our forefathers. There was never the sound of conflict in the limits of the town; never was a "redcoat" seen upon our streets unless it was when Thomas Sugden (a deserter from the British Army) laid siege to and captured the heart of Percia Mather. That he deserted the British Army and married a New Britain girl proves him to have been a man of sense and justifies this brief mention of him. So, after all, there was one "engagement" within our borders.

But if we have less energy and enthusiasm to spend in the protection of historical sites, then we have so much the more to serve the other objects of our organization, one of which is to honor the names and memory of our forefathers, and here we feel that we have ample cause to rejoice. The background of our history is filled with a noble company of good and honored men, men of principle and patriotism, and therein we have a wealthy heritage. Not in the incidents of a day or in the chance association of events lie the source of our local pride and the foundation of our prosperity, but rather in the spirit and influence of the men who founded our city and defended our country during the trying days of the Revolution.

The sentiment of the people was strong in opposition to British tyranny, and it found expression when in 1774, the port of Boston having been blocked by order of Parliament, a committee was at once appointed to "take in subscriptions of wheat, rye, Indian corn, and other provisions, and to collect and transport the same to the town of Boston to be distributed by the

Selectmen of the town of Boston to those who needed help in consequence of the blockade of the harbor." We read this record of sending provisions to the "town of Boston" with a feeling akin to amusement, but we well know it spoke of a true patriotism and probably meant as great a sacrifice on the part of all who contributed as for their descendants of to-day to subscribe hundreds of dollars to some worthy cause.

Three companies from this place and Farmington were in action against Burgoyne, and almost every young man was in the service. During the second period of the war, from 1776 to 1778, when the main operations were in the North, a large number proportionally of the citizens of New Britain were in the army. We have learned the names of fifty who went from this parish alone, many of whom now sleep in "Christian Lane" and "Fairview" Cemeteries. They deserve the honor always given to those who serve their country, but in many instances no headstones mark their resting-place and their very names will soon be forgotten. Would it not be well for us, the members of the "Esther Stanley" Chapter, to provide some suitable way of perpetuating their names and services, and in so doing fulfill one of the purposes of our organization?

Particular mention should now be made of Major General John Paterson, who was not only distinguished in military service, but was honored with the friendship of Washington. He was one of the court, chosen from the very flower of the American Army, to try Major Andre, and at the close of the war was one of the founders of the Society of the Cincinnati. General Paterson became eminent in so many ways that we shall be glad some time to present a full account of his life.

Another prominent military man was Colonel Gad. Stanley, who in various ways did good service for his country. He was at the battle of Long Island, and by his bravery and skill there won the approbation of his superior officers.

Colonel Isaac Lee did not enter the army, but he served his country nobly in the Legislature twenty-four years, held intimate relations with the patriots of the times, and shared with them the labor and responsibility of shaping our civil institutions.

Of the other patriots of the times I have found only the

the briefest mention, but what a story of valor, and perhaps of suffering, may be condensed in a few short lines. Some perished in the service; some suffered in British prisons; and some returned here to die of their wounds or of disease contracted in the army. There were many instances of bravery and fortitude, not only on the part of the officers, but the same qualities were exhibited by men in the ranks, and by men and women who remained at home. When we read that Moses Andrews had seven sons, "six of whom were fitted out for the war by the patient industry and self-denial of their mother," we are sure that in the list of the brave ones of Revolutionary days the name of Lydia Andrews should find a place.

The women of New Britain lived too far from the scenes of conflict to display any of that heroism that has made some names immortal; but we believe that in the finer qualities of self-denial and patient endurance of hardship the women of this parish were worthy of our admiration. But we would not indulge in sentiment, or invest them with qualities that perhaps they did not possess. Truly, we admire their patriotism, and are amazed at their courage, in the face of terrors and fears, but perhaps they would look upon the women of the nineteenth century with equal surprise, and be astonished at our numerous and varied duties and occupations. What would they think of our organizations, societies, missions, clubs—things that were never dreamed of in their philosophy! After viewing the cares and responsibilities of the latter-day woman, not only in the home, but in the church and society, and in public and professional life as well, I am not sure but they would be devoutly thankful that they lived a hundred years earlier, when they had only the Indians and the Revolutionary War to look out for.

Of the life of Esther Stanley, whose name graces our Chapter, so little is known that I fear it must always belong to the unwritten history. That she was the mother of Colonel Gad. Stanley and the ancestor of a long line of noble men and women are sufficient reasons why we should perpetuate her name and memory. The Stanley name, past and present, is identified with the honor and progress of the town, and right glad are we that it was chosen to designate our Chapter, and glad

again that our first Regent should bear the same honored name.

At the monthly meetings of our Chapter, which already numbers (54) fifty-four members, we recall some noted event of Revolutionary days by papers or biographical sketches, and then we have an hour of social recreation. In May our Chapter observed Memorial Day by spending an hour in "Fair-view," decorating the graves of the Revolutionary soldiers with flags and flowers.

It is yet too early for us to speak of work accomplished, but we reach out to the aims and possibilities that are the inspiration of all these patriotic societies springing up all over the United States. To strive for the ultimate objects of this organization may seem a work quite outside the province of women, but we believe that the interests of the country are closely united to those of the home, the school, and many of the social conditions of the day, in all of which many women now have a voice.

In this ambitious age we are not able to tell where woman's influence may end ; but we are perfectly sure where it begins, and that is in the home. It may seem a truism to add that without true homes, of which we are primarily the makers, there could be no nation worthy of the name.

MRS. CHARLES J. PARKER,
Historian of " Esther Stanley " Chapter, D. A. R.

CHRISTMAS, 1776.

'Twas twelve by the clock in Trenton town
And a wassail song of cheer,
With clink of glasses and laughter deep,
Rang out on the listening ear.

Then one toast more for the Christmas past,
And one for the coming year,
And one for her whom we love the best,
And one for our country dear.

'Twas two by the clock in Trenton town,
The logs of the fire burned low,
The officers slept a dreamless sleep,
Nor thought of the coming foe.

'Twas three by the clock in Trenton town.
As thro' the ice and the snow
The boats came silently one by one
To the river's bank below.

Glover, the brave, with his sailors bold,
Had sturdily manned the oars,
The army stood in the driving sleet,
Not far from the Hessians' doors.

Deep sleep had fallen on Trenton town,
And the picket's shot rang clear,
To warn the Hessians in slumber sound
Of the Yankee foe so near.

Summons "to arms" to the sleeping men
Came sharp through the morning gray,
They rallied too late to save the town,
And the battle was lost that day.

'Twas noon by the clock in Trenton town,
And the Hessian captain lay
Waiting the coming of Washington,
As his life blood ebbed away.

He drew from his sheath his sword of steel,
And whispered with labored breath :
(The General bent to catch his words)
" I surrender to you and—Death."

'Twas six by the clock in Trenton town,
And the wintry twilight gray
Had quenched her light with the shadows dark,
And night had followed the day.

Once more through the icy sleet and snow
The sailors took up their oars,
The self-same army of sturdy men
Recrossed to the other shores.

'Twas twelve by the clock in Trenton town,
And the brilliant stars looked down
Once more on the rushing river grim
And the quiet of Trenton town.

—J. V. Z. Belden, in *Boston Transcript*, December 21, 1895.

HISTORIC CLEAN DRINKING MANOR.

TWO HUNDRED YEARS IN ONE FAMILY.

JUST beyond the city limits of the National Capital, or to be exact, just seven miles from the White House gates, in Montgomery County, Maryland, on Jones's Mill Road, off Connecticut Avenue, extended, the tourist will find one of the old colonial manor houses of the Potomac region.

A manor was usually granted by royalty to a scion of good or aristocratic family who, leaving the mother-country behind, lived on his isolated American plantation in a manner resembling that of a feudal baron—with black slaves to produce the necessities of living—the luxuries being imported. Indeed, Clean Drinking, as this manor is called, held white slaves or "indentured servants," as well as negroes.

Colonel John Coates (or Courts) whose father, Hon. John Coates, came to Maryland from Sproxtton, England, in 1639, established Clean Drinking Manor. He received a grant from the Crown in 1680 of fourteen hundred acres "in style of manor" and had it surveyed in 1699, two years after his father's death (1697).

This founder of Clean Drinking Manor, whose will bore date 1702, had a son, also named John Coates, who was a colonel in the British Army, and the latter left a will dated 1747, in which he mentions his daughter Elizabeth, who married Charles Jones, gentleman. This Elizabeth Coates Jones brought the Clean Drinking acres to Charles Jones, gentleman, as her dower, and he built thereon, in 1750, the old manor-house that has remained in his family to the present day, having been occupied continuously by the successive generations of Joneses.

Charles Jones, gentleman, and Elizabeth Coates, his wife, lie buried with their children and children's children, in the ancient family burying ground in the rear of "the old homestead," and if his spirit is permitted to revisit the old haunts it doubtless is gratifying to him to perceive that no changes nor alterations have been made in the house or its surroundings since he was lord of the manor, except those made by Father Time; for the greatest charm of Clean Drinking, outside of its sequestered

location in a region pervaded by peace and beauty, is its aroma of "ye olden time," for nature only is allowed to make any innovations in the place hallowed by colonial and revolutionary associations.

Charles Jones, gent., as the land records of Maryland testify, was a man of enterprise and public spirit. He recorded seventeen (17) deeds for land in one year, built a mill, the foundations of which still remain, though the structure was burned later, was a member of the first court of Montgomery County, Maryland, and a member of the Committee of Safety.

Clean Drinking Manor-house is frame, brick-filled, one and a half stories high, with dormer windows in the prevailing style of the period and region, and is flanked by high outside chimneys. A veranda, approached by a flight of wooden steps, extends its arms from chimney to chimney, while twin doors open from it directly into the principal apartments.

The moldering roof and weather-boards are much decayed, but the doors, some of which are of solid walnut, and the heavy sashes that enclose the tiny window panes, are well preserved.

On one side of the manor-house is a cluster of roofless brick buildings, erected at the same time that the main house was built. The one containing the great brick oven was the kitchen and the others were the domiciles of the housekeeper and the house servants. The bricks used in building were brought from England.

Near the deserted servants' quarters is a well whose "old oaken bucket" is regulated, in its "ups and downs," by a pulley that formerly did service on a vessel "whose decks were once red with heroes blood."

"Cheek by jowl" with the well is a primitive stone dairy, whose door, fastened by an antiquated lock, has not been opened for more than half a century.

On the opposite side of the house is the old flower-garden—one of the features of Clean Drinking. The beds in this quaint plot are bordered with magnificent box wood that was planted by Charles Jones, gentleman, in the form of the letter J, about the same time that Washington set out his famous "box" at Mt. Vernon. The once prim parterre is overrun

with creeping vines, myrtle, and blue-flags. The stone wall that partly surrounds the garden was built, for its protection, by Miss Arianna Jones, who, with her sister, Miss Sukey,



MISS SUKEY JONES.

spent their lives in "maiden meditation" at Clean Drinking—doing the honors of the household for their brother, Charles Jones, second, who inherited the place at his father's death. Her unfinished wall adds to the picturesqueness of the old garden to-day, for she died before its completion, and the old family graveyard, where she lies, is overrun similarly to her beloved garden.

This Charles Jones, second, was a spendthrift who, as he once

facetiously remarked, saw no harm in making his (golden) eagles "fly."

It is asserted that all he had to "show" on his return from a certain trip to England, for the \$6,000 worth of tobacco he took with him, was a gold-laced coat, bought for the occasion of his presentation to royalty, a jeweled sword, an ivory-handled sword, a flint lock gun, and an elegantly carved powder horn. These appurtenances of a "gentleman's" son, whose ancestors were entitled to bear coats of arms, are preserved in the Jones family, the gun and ivory-handled sword belonging to Mr. Robert Jones, of Prince George County, Maryland.

This "Uncle Charlie" Jones frequently dispensed "free-hearted hospitality" to Clay, Webster, and Calhoun, who found relaxation from the cares of State within the congenial confines of Clean Drinking.

But the son of Charles Jones, gentleman, who shed the greater

luster on his name, was Brigadier Major John Coates Jones. He was born at Clean Drinking, and was in the service of his country from the beginning of the Revolution in 1775 till the army of Washington was disbanded. He was an aid to General Smallwood, of whose brigade history asserts the following : " Though they were distinguished by the most fashionably cut coats and the most macaroni cocked hats in the Continental Army, they were equally remarkable for gallantry and unflinching valor."

The muster roll, dated September 12, 1776, White Plains, New York, has the signature of John Coates Jones, captain. Major Jones became a considerable land owner, as he received six thousand acres of bounty land from Virginia (in Ohio) and two hundred acres in Maryland west of old Fort Cumberland. He possessed also other Maryland property, including the confiscated Monocacy Manor, which he purchased. He married, in 1790, at Ayemoy, Charles County, Maryland, Dorothy, daughter of Colonel Robert Hanson Harrison, senior aid-de-camp to Washington. Colonel Harrison, whose family and that of the Presidents of the same name were connected, succeeded Joseph Reed as Washington's private secretary.

This Major John Coates Jones had a son, also called John Coates Jones, who was a West Point cadet and who served in the United States Army in the Mexican War, and afterwards in the navy, and also the revenue service. He was the husband of the aged lady now residing at Clean Drinking, and father of Mr. Nicholas Jones, the future owner. He came to live at the manor in 1837, on the death of his uncle, Charles Jones, second, who bequeathed the property to him. He died in 1880, and with his eldest son, Copeland Jones, a midshipman in the navy, who died of fever in China, rests in the shade of the ancient cedars and walnuts that sentinel " the graves of the household."

Mr. Nicholas Jones, to whom the manor-house and adjoining twenty-five acres revert at his mother's death, resides with her at Clean Drinking ; and being an enthusiastic antiquarian, and deeply attached to the property that has been in his family continuously since the former was granted to them, is a worthy custodian of the many heirlooms of his distinguished ancestry the old place contains.

The remaining original acres have been divided among the other brothers and sisters, who have built modern houses on their allotments—in strong contrast to the old-time manor-house.

The venerable but still charming lady of the manor of to-day, Mrs. Elizabeth Sinclair Parker Jones, is by virtue of her illustrious lineage, great age, unimpaired faculties, and remarkable memory, one of the most interesting private individuals in the community. She was born in October, 1803, less than four years after the death of Washington, with whom, as well as with Lafayette, Rochambeau and the rest, her family, on both sides, were intimately associated. By right of her descent from Revolutionary heroes and patriots she is enrolled as a Daughter of the American Revolution. She has lived at the old manor-house for over sixty years. Her father, Copeland Parker, of Norfolk, Virginia, was appointed collector of customs of that port by President Washington, and he held the position until his death, under Jackson's administration. His estate, "Macclesfield," was named in honor of his family, the Earls of Macclesfield. His brother, Colonel Josiah Parker, and therefore Mrs. Jones's uncle, was aid to General Washington and a member of all the conventions of the State in 1775. His figure is a conspicuous one in Trumbull's painting of the battle of Trenton, in the Yale School of Fine Arts. He is represented a magnificent specimen of manhood—stepping forward to receive, uncovered, the swords of the enemy! Colonel Parker at one time commanded General Green's brigade. He was a member of the Continental Congress at Philadelphia and voted, in 1789, to locate the seat of government on the Potomac. His silver shoe buckles, embroidered silk vest, hand-embroidered silk suspenders, and other Clean Drinking relics are among the treasures of Mrs. Eleanor A. H. Magruder, of "The Rest," Tenleytown, District of Columbia, a great-granddaughter of Henrietta Jones, daughter of Charles Jones, gentleman. His favorite armchair that belonged to his father, Nicholas Parker, and is two hundred years old, rubs elbows in Clean Drinking parlor with one of the mahogany chairs that stood in the same apartment when Washington visited there. Colonel Parker's daughter, a cousin of Mrs. Jones, married

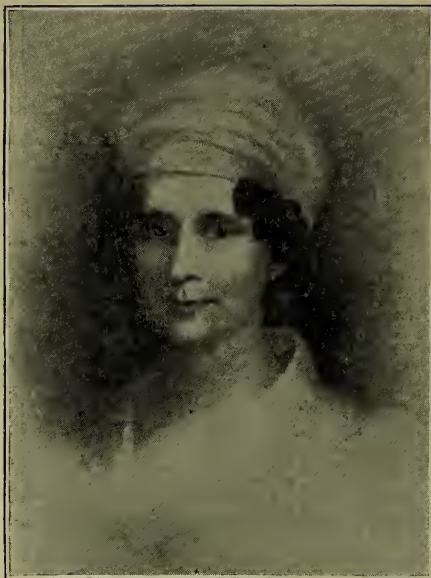
the naval captain, William Cowper, the gallant commander of the *Baltimore*, and the son of that Captain John Cowper who died so heroically on the brig *Dolphin*.

Mrs. Jones's maternal grandfather, Captain John Sinclair, whose father, Henry Sinclair, was a son of the Earl of Caithness, Scotland, went to Havana, Cuba, in 1783, at the request of General Washington to obtain ammunition for the Count de Grasse, to enable him to coöperate with the Americans at the battle of Yorktown. He was hailed on his return trip by a British cruiser, and his quick and cool reply that his was a "supply ship," disarmed suspicion, and he was allowed to proceed. He made this voyage in his own vessel, the "*Little Mollie*," and he neither asked nor received any compensation for his services, which contributed, in no small degree, to the surrender at Yorktown.

The writer had the privilege, on the 30th of July, 1894, of hearing from the lips of the venerable Mrs. Jones, an account, among other reminiscences, of her "blockade running" during the war—not the Civil War, which is an event of yesterday to her—but that of 1812. Seated in an antique rocker, in the room in which the Revolutionary Major Jones was born, gently swaying her fan, this stately but gracious lady, in whose cultured tones the tremulousness of age (she is ninety-two) is scarcely perceptible, described the midnight flight of her father's family—including herself—in a small vessel that passed under the very guns of the British fleet in the Norfolk harbor. They spoke only in whispers and kept the cabin in utter darkness till the dreaded blockade was safely passed. She smilingly ventured the assertion that few ladies are living that can relate a similar experience.

Clean Drinking Manor, of which the little blockade-runner was later to become mistress, also presented a stage for the enactment of a scene in the drama of this second war for American Independence. During the invasion of the National Capital in 1814 by the British, Postmaster Monroe, with his wife, took refuge at Clean Drinking. He kept the post office open there until the enemy had gone—the mails being left at a log house opposite.

Among the ancestral treasures of Clean Drinking are a



MRS. FOREST.

if not inebriated," the Father of his Country.

Several of the old Jones portraits are in the possession of Miss Lula Forrest, of Philadelphia. Her collection includes the counterfeit of her grandmother, Jennie Forrest, who was a grandchild of Charles Jones, gentleman, and that of her great-grandfather, Mr. Love, and also the portrait of his daughter (Miss Forrest's great-aunt), the beautiful Mrs. Mollie Scott, who was burned

triangular gilt-legged table and two gilt mirrors that Charles Jones, gentleman, bought in London. They still remain in the parlor where he placed them. Mrs. Jones has bequeathed the fluted and-irons and punch-bowl that belonged to Colonel Robert Hanson Harrison to the Daughters of the American Revolution. As Colonel Harrison was the neighbor and intimate friend of General Washington, this bowl, which is of India ware, has "cheered,



MRS. MOLLIE SCOTT.

to death in the Richmond theater, December, 1811. This Mr. Love married Jane Jones, daughter of Charles Jones, gentleman, and their grandchild, Eleanor Selden, was the wife of John Augustine Washington, grandnephew of General Washington, and the last member of Washington's family who owned and resided at Mt. Vernon. The children of this marriage, one of whom is Mr. Lawrence Washington, of Alexandria, Virginia, are the last of the name of Washington who were born in the Mt. Vernon mansion.

Separated from the manor-house by an old apple orchard is the spring from which the place derives its peculiar name. It has been stated that the excellent quality of the water led to the adoption of this title, but family tradition gives the following version:

The men engaged in surveying the lands of Colonel John Coates were partaking, July 6, 1699, of liquid 'refreshment other than that provided by the crystal fount, though resting by its edge, when one of the number, like Oliver Twist, asked for "more." His request was denied on the ground that they had already drunk "clean" all the liquor on the place. Being aware that the owner wanted a suitable cognomen for his estate, this *dry* disciple of the tripod and chain suggested that "Clean Drinking" would be a not inappropriate appellation; and by way of christening,

He broke his bottle
At the spring with a will,
And the name of Clean Drinking
Clings to it still.

The large flat smooth-worn stone before the spring is the same that Washington stood upon when he stopped to refresh himself at this clean fountain on his return from Pittsburg (Fort Du Quesne) in 1755. He afterwards went up to the house to greet the family.

Close by are seen the foundations of the original spring-house of Clean Drinking Manor.

JOHN S. WILSON.

PROPOSED PUBLICATION OF REVOLUTIONARY MANUSCRIPTS.

THE archives of the governmental departments are mines of wealth for historians. Documents, letters, and accompanying exhibits in endless variety treat of every notable man and noteworthy event in our country's history, and many of these papers are not only unique, but the sole records of important incidents and individuals. Yet in most of the departments the rich historical treasures are neglected and almost unknown and some are lost by decay or deliberate destruction every year. The State Department has earned the approbation of patriots and historians by the care with which its invaluable archives are preserved and the courtesy with which they are made available to students.

Chief among these manuscripts are the records and papers of the Continental Congress, in 307 folio volumes; the papers of George Washington, in 299 volumes; as well as the papers of Madison, Jefferson, Hamilton, Monroe, and Franklin. For several years past the State Department has been prosecuting the work of arranging for preservation and re-binding some of these papers, although it has been greatly delayed by lack of funds available for the purpose. The result of this work is a delight to the eye of the historian, but unfortunately the best of care will not preserve from destruction papers which are frequently handled. Quite apart from the original cost to the Government of these papers (\$165,000) the need for their preservation and their multiplication is imperative, if we are to preserve intact the early records of our Government.

In the case of the journals of the Continental Congress the necessity is increased by the fact that the editions thereof which have hitherto been published are inaccurate, incomplete, and faulty in so many particulars as to destroy much of their value as sources of history.

Some years ago the State Department began to publish the documentary history of the Constitution of the United States, and also calendars of the letters to Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe. These calendars are indexes to the collections of

letters purchased by the Government, and to students of history the value of the department's work cannot be estimated. These publications are supplied to public and college libraries throughout the country, so that they are generally available. Moreover, the care with which they are edited, and the simple but excellent manner in which they are printed make them publications worthy of the Government that issues them.

Unfortunately, the work of publication has been virtually stopped for the want of money. The result is that these rich collections of documents are lying almost useless at the very time when the interest in such matters is exceptionally keen. For comparative purposes, it may be stated that while the cost of the above publications has been insignificant, we have expended between two and three million dollars for publication of the Rebellion records.

Because of the facts which have been so briefly stated, the Secretary of State has inserted in his estimates for the next fiscal year an item providing for the publication of the records and papers of the Continental Congress. The favorable action of the present Congress of the United States is a consummation in which every Daughter of the American Revolution is interested. Each one should, therefore, do what she can to interest her representatives in Congress in the passage of this provision, remembering that for just such important work as this was our National Society founded.

ANITA NEWCOMB MCGEE, M. D.



CHAPTERS.

BALTIMORE CHAPTER was organized in 1892 on the auspicious date of the 4th of March. The first meeting for the purpose of organization was held at the residence of Mrs. A. Leo Knott, 919 N. Charles street, who was appointed by the Board of Management of the National Society in Washington the first State Regent of Maryland to establish the Society, she resigning for that purpose the position of one of the Vice Presidents General. It began with twelve members; it now numbers one hundred and sixteen. The meetings are held in the rooms most kindly placed at the disposal of the Society by the Fifth Regiment Veteran Corps, whose flags and banners most appropriately and beautifully decorate them. At the first meeting in March of last year the Chapter had the pleasure of hearing a very interesting report by Miss Mary I. Hall, one of its delegates to Washington, of the proceedings of the National Congress held there in February.

The Baltimore Chapter was much gratified by the election of Mrs. A. Leo Knott by the Congress of 1895 as one of the Honorary Vice Presidents General, and also by the election of Miss Alice Key Blunt as one of the Vice Presidents General. At a later meeting in March the Chapter had the pleasure of meeting the State Regent of Maryland, Mrs. John Ritchie, of Frederick, who made a most graceful address, expressing her pleasure at the relation into which she was brought with this Chapter, and her views on the aims and duties of the Society. On that occasion the Chapter had also the pleasure of having with it Mrs. Putnam, State Regent of Iowa, and Mrs. Richards, Recording Secretary of the Mary Washington Chapter, of Washington, District of Columbia, who both made some happy and appropriate remarks which were much appreciated by the Chapter.

On April 19 the Chapter Regent, Mrs. Jervis Spencer, gave a tea to the Baltimore Chapter in honor of the one hundred and

twentieth anniversary of the battle of Lexington. The portrait of Paul Revere, draped in yellow silk, hung in her drawing-room, with duplicates of the famous lanterns on either side. Mrs. Millard recited, with much effect, Longfellow's poem "Paul Revere." Dr. McGee, Surgeon General of the National Society, Mrs. George Buchanan, Recording Secretary General, and Mrs. Richards, were among the guests. The decorations of the tea table were yellow, and little yellow flags bearing the words, "Battle of Lexington, 1775-1895," surmounted the ices. The Chapter will long remember the delightful entertainment.

At the November meeting the officers elected for the ensuing year were: Chapter Regent, Mrs. Jervis Spencer; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Edgar M. Lazarus; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Neilson Poe; Treasurer, Mrs. Nelson Perin; Registrar, Miss M. P. Keenan; Historian, Miss E. G. Freeland; Delegates to the National Congress, Miss M. S. Hall, Mrs. J. Pembroke Thom; Board of Management, Miss Elizabeth Ward Hall, Mrs. J. Pembroke Thom, Mrs. Charles G. Nicholson, Mrs. Benjamin Franklin Smith, Miss Maria Dalrymple Williams.

A most agreeable meeting was held on December 26, when a paper was read by Mr. Andrew C. Trippe, on "The Settlement of Maryland under Cecil Calvert," recounting the consummate wisdom and skill with which the Colony was planted and the peaceful settlement with the Indians, in which Lord Baltimore anticipated the much-lauded policy of William Penn; while the religious toleration he proclaimed made Maryland "a land of sanctuary," a refuge for the persecuted sects of all the other Colonies. At this meeting "Peggy Stewart Day" was adopted as the anniversary to be celebrated by the Baltimore Chapter. The meeting closed with an informal tea, made very agreeable by Mrs. B. F. Smith and her assistants.
—M. LAZARUS.

ALBEMARLE CHAPTER.—The first of a course of parlor lectures on historical subjects, under the auspices of the Albemarle Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution,

was given by Prof. James A. Harrison, of the University of Virginia, at the residence of Prof. and Mrs. M. W. Humphries. Each member of the Chapter had the privilege of inviting a limited number of friends, and by half past eight the parlors were well filled with guests of Charlottesville and the University, who listened with much pleasure to an account of the "Strange Adventures of a Revolutionary Parson." The lecture was based upon the experiences of an ancestor of the speaker (and of two other professors of the University), chiefly as recorded in a very interesting and remarkable diary which was begun in 1606 and is still kept up, having passed through ten generations of the Thruston family. Copies in fac-simile of portions of the diary were passed about and excited great interest for the quaintness of both the language and the chirography. Among other interesting events mentioned in connection with the life of the subject of the discourse was that of his conducting services and preaching in his clerical robes upon the duty of patriotism, and then throwing aside stole and surplice and appearing in the uniform of a colonel of volunteers, ready to lead his people where he believed that their duty called them. The lecture was preceded and followed by music by Miss Davis and Miss Perkins, after which a very pleasant social hour was spent.

The last lecture in the public hall was delivered by Prof. John Fiske, the eminent historian, upon a Revolutionary subject, the life of Charles Lee, "The Soldier of Fortune," under the auspices of the Albemarle Chapter. This was to have been followed by a series of parlor lectures, to be given each month throughout the winter at the residences of the members of the Chapter; the destruction of the library in October made impossible the preparation of those planned for November and December.

The second lecture will be given by Dr. Paul B. Barringer the latter part of February.—REGENT.

"MAWENAWASIGH CHAPTER," of Poughkeepsie, held its first social and literary meeting, Friday, January 24, at the home of its Secretary, Mrs. H. D. Hufcut. Music, both vocal and instrumental, was rendered and an interesting paper

read by the Rev. A. P. Van Geisen, D. D., on the proposed monument to be erected in our city. Tea was served and a pleasant hour of social conversation followed.—A. M. G. HUF CUT.

WATAUGA CHAPTER.—On the 19th of December Mrs. A. D. Langstoff gave a colonial tea at her elegant residence, on Beale street, Memphis, Tennessee, in commemoration of George Washington's Thanksgiving at Valley Forge. This beautiful entertainment was in honor of her schoolmate and life-long friend, Mrs. J. Harvey Mathes, State Regent, and her Chapter, Watauga. Decorations were of holly, mistletoe, and a profusion of streamers and flags of national colors. Against the background of evergreens sweet scented roses, chrysanthemums, and carnations were placed. National airs filled all hearts with patriotism, and when the Loving Cup was passed around by the hostess' lovely daughter, Miss Lucele, dear memories of the past were spoken, fond hopes for the future were given. One hero after another was mentioned, and as the amber nectar vanished all minds and souls seemed to be tuned in a perfect love feast. So magical was the inspiration all hearts seemed to be unlocked and more than a name or memory was mentioned. Pretty little incidents were told. As all the company stood in the beautiful parlors, the Reception Committee, in colonial dress with patch and powder of "ye olden time," and guests in reception costume made a picture of rare beauty and exquisite pose. The first toast was from Mrs. Mathes to "The Father of our Country, George Washington, and the National Society Daughters of the American Revolution." The hostess, Mrs. Langstoff, supped to "Lafayette and the Tennessee Daughters of the American Revolution."

Among the guests were descendants of General John Sevier, James Robertson, the Shelys, Hamilton, Putnam, and many officers of lesser rank, and patriots. The refreshments were most bounteous and delicious, and served in colonial style. Such another tea could scarcely be duplicated for its genuine hospitality and enjoyment of historical and social commingling. Mrs. Langstoff is an ideal hostess, a patriot, and a worthy descendant of Josiah McCall.

The Chapter had a very pleasant meeting Wednesday morning, January 22, despite the heavy rain. Mrs. H. P. Davis was the hospitable hostess of the occasion, and the many who attended felt more than repaid for the effort. The Corresponding Secretary had many interesting letters from Chapters all over the United States, containing high commendation and indorsement of Watauga's appeal in behalf of Miss Elizabeth Howard Key. With the influence of the ten thousand "Daughters" of the land brought to bear upon the solons in Congress, they confidently look for the appropriation solicited. "When a woman wills she wins" usually, and when such a number as this are of one mind the cumulative force is bound to be felt, even if it is "only women." Delegates to attend the "Continental Congress" in February were then elected. Mrs. Thomas Day was the unanimous choice as delegate, Mrs. Clarence Selden as alternate for the Regent, and Mrs. Luke Wright as alternate for the delegate. It is hoped that all these ladies will go, and that several others will also avail themselves of the privileges of such an excursion. The State Regent usually carries with her a strong following from Tennessee. The following foreign officers were memorialized in concise but very interesting papers: The French admiral, Count de Grasse; Baron von Steuben, Count de Rochambeau, and the incomparable Kosciusko. Delicate refreshments were then served and the conversation became general, a commingling of patriotism and sentiment most wholesome and encouraging. Before adjournment it was decided that the Chapter should coöperate with the Children of the American Revolution (the Adam Dale Society, so auspiciously organized) in their proposed celebration of February 22 by a "Washington tea party," instead of the customary business meeting on that day of each month. The following resolution was adopted:

WHEREAS, While not unmindful of the subsidiary work of the public-spirited ladies who coöperated for the representation of Memphis and Shelby County at the Atlanta Exposition, we realize that the conception and inauguration of the enterprise is due to Mrs. J. Harvey Mathes, State Regent of Tennessee Daughters of the American Revolution; therefore, be it

Resolved, By the Watauga Chapter, that we take this method of expressing to her our appreciation and thanks for her efficient work in super-

vising the collection and shipping of the exhibit, for her personal efforts in Atlanta in securing a proper display, for her unselfish devotion in promoting the success of Tennessee Day, and especially for her able representation of Tennessee Chapters in the National Assembly, Daughters of the American Revolution, held on the 18th and 19th days of October, 1895, in the Woman's Building of the Atlanta Exposition.

S. M. LANGSTOFF,

L. M. BEDFORD,

Committee.

CRAWFORD COUNTY CHAPTER (Meadville, Pa.)—The annual meeting of the Crawford County Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was held October 11, when the following officers for the current year were elected: Mrs. Emma Shryock Merwin, Regent; Miss Frances L. Brawley, Vice Regent; Susan Fisher Rose, M. D., Secretary; Mrs. Elizabeth Magaw Fuller, Treasurer; Mrs. Mary Davis Cotton, Registrar; Mrs. S. Josephine Bates, Historian. The former Regent, Miss Frances I. Davis, through whose exertions this Chapter was established, was unable on account of serious illness to longer continue in the office which she had worthily filled for two years. Miss Brawley, the efficient Vice Regent, has also been prevented by illness from attending the meetings of the Chapter. Our present Regent is an enthusiastic worker.

Eight members have been added to the Chapter during the year, making the number thirty. We have lost one esteemed member in the death of Miss Harriet Carter, assistant editor of the *Chautauquan*.

On June 2, 1825, General Lafayette, then on a tour of this country, visited Meadville, and was warmly welcomed by the citizens. There are several aged people who well remember the occasion, and feel a reasonable pride in having been the recipients of a kiss from the old hero. It may be observed in this connection that the present Treasurer of the Crawford County Chapter, Mrs. Elizabeth Magaw Fuller, is a great-granddaughter of the surgeon who dressed the wounds of Lafayette after the battle of Brandywine. In commemoration of this visit the Crawford County Chapter of Daughters of the American Revolution have adopted June 2 as a red letter day in their calendar, and annually celebrate it in an appropriate manner. On the last anniversary a large reception was held in

the parish building of Christ Church, the officers of the Chapter receiving the guests. The spacious rooms were beautifully decorated with patriotic emblems, the tri-color of France, and large vases of fleur-de-lis were conspicuously placed. The North-Western Orchestra played national airs, and in the dining-room ices were served in dainty receptacles of red, white, and blue.

At each meeting of the Chapter a paper is read on a subject previously given out. At the November meeting the story of Jane McCrea was related by Mrs. Sennett, and at the December meeting Mrs. Hempstead read an excellent paper on the "Treason of Benedict Arnold."—S. JOSEPHINE BATES, *Historian*.

QUEQUECHAN CHAPTER.—On May 16, 1895, eighteen ladies met at the residence of Miss Susan H. Wixon to discuss the advisability of forming a Chapter of Daughters of the American Revolution in Fall River, Massachusetts. State Regent, Mrs. Charles M. Green, of Boston, was present and gave a very interesting talk on the "Objects and Privileges of the Society," also methods of forming Chapters, etc. Several preliminary meetings were held and on November 9, 1895, a Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was formed. The name chosen for the Chapter was "Quequechan," or Falling Waters.

The following officers were elected: Regent, Mary J. Conant Neill; Vice Regent, Cornelia W. Darol; Registrar, Bertha M. Wixon; Treasurer, Mary G. Deane; Secretary, Emily J. Courn; Corresponding Secretary, Annie M. Hinds. The Chapter now numbers twenty-four members. A literary and social committee was elected, and on Monday evening, January 13, the first literary session was held at the home of Miss Mary Holmes. Several applications are now ready to be forwarded to Washington and every indication points to a large and enterprising Chapter.—MARY J. CONANT NEILL, *Regent*.

BELLEFONTE CHAPTER of Daughters of the American Revolution met at the home of our Vice Regent, Mrs. Reeder, on January 15, 1896, at our fourth monthly meeting since we organized last October. At every doorway a large flag was gracefully draped and thirteen other flags added to the decora-

tion of the rooms. After the usual business a paper was read by Mrs. Atwood, who claims direct descent through an American officer from Oliver Cromwell, but even she does not carry off the laurels among us as we reserve them for Mrs. Miller, who descends from two American generals. We have had entertaining papers from several of our members; among them Miss Shugert, whose Dunlop ancestor owned all our town in the "long ago," his daughter giving the name to our beautiful spring (Belle Fonte) which has been such a source of pride and comfort to the succeeding generations of Bellefonters. We listened through the telephone to the "Star Spangled Banner," sung nine miles away by the four-year-old daughter of one of our members who was not able to be with us, and then sung patriotic songs in the parlor which were heard at their home. Our Regent, Mrs. Furst, and some of our members hope to enjoy the National meeting in Washington February 22.—D. D. MITCHELL.

BROAD SEAL CHAPTER.—A business meeting of the Broad Seal Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of New Jersey, was held at the residence of Mrs. Barbour, Eighty-sixth street, New York City. The officers elected for the ensuing year were: Mrs. Richard F. Stevens, Regent; Mrs. LeRoy Anderson, Treasurer; Mrs. John Janeway, Secretary; Mrs. Charles Dahlgren, Registrar; Miss DeWitt Clinton Mather, Historian; Miss Dora Smith, Alternate. Four new members were admitted. After the business was accomplished a delicious luncheon was served. The table was adorned with heliotrope and violets, the Chapter colors. The meeting adjourned with a vote of thanks to the beautiful hostess, who had, for that day, made business a pleasure.

SARAH LUDLOW CHAPTER, of Seymour, Connecticut, celebrated New Year's day in Odd Fellows' Hall in a very befitting manner. This being the regular meeting day and a holiday as well, it was decided to invite the officers of neighboring Chapters, with their delegates to the next National Congress, to visit us on that day. Invitations were extended to the Chapters at New Haven, Middletown, Meriden, Southport, Norwalk, Bridge-

port, Derby, Ansonia, Waterbury, and Bristol, nearly all of which were represented. Each member was also privileged to invite two guests, resulting in a gathering of about two hundred. The hall was handsomely decorated with palms and the national colors, and among the relics displayed were a spinning wheel and chair, the latter being two hundred and fifty years old and once used by the founder of Yale College. A lunch was served to the out-of-town guests previous to the exercises of the afternoon. Souvenir programmes, printed in the national colors, were distributed to the guests. A very excellent paper was read by the Historian of the Chapter, Mrs. Julia DuBois James, entitled, "The Ludlow Family," tracing the lineage of several of the charter members to Roger Ludlow, one of the earliest settlers of Connecticut and after whose daughter the Chapter is named. An original humorous poem, "The Boston Tea Party," written and read by Mrs. Maria Skeels Noyes, was greatly enjoyed. A minuet was danced by two little girls in bewitching costumes, and the stately and graceful movements of the little couple in this dance of "ye olden time" elicited great applause. Recitations, interspersed with delightful vocal and piano selections, completed the programme. Refreshments, consisting of cake, ice cream, and coffee, were served, after which the guests were informally entertained until the departure of their respective trains. This fraternal visit will long be remembered by the Sarah Ludlow Chapter as a "red letter" day in its calendar.—ELIZABETH JAMES CAMP, *Regent*.

RAINIER CHAPTER (of Seattle, Washington).—Our Chapter was organized September 20, 1895, with fifteen charter members, and there are several more who are about making out their application papers. The meetings have been interesting and the members show a spirit to do good work for the cause of patriotism. The Chapter has voted to enter upon the systematic study of American history, thereby learning about and appreciating more the heroic struggles of our ancestors in securing our independence. At the November meeting a committee was appointed to arrange for a one cent contribution in the public schools on January 8, toward the monument to Francis Scott Key. The superintendent and all the principals

of the sixteen schools gave their hearty coöperation, appropriate exercises were held, and six thousand pennies collected. —MRS. JOHN C. COLE, *Regent*.

COLUMBIA CHAPTER.—The anniversary of the battle of Cowpens (January 17) was fittingly celebrated by the Columbia, South Carolina, Chapter. On this commemorative occasion its members carried into effect the manifold details of a carefully planned revolutionary tea, in a manner most satisfactory to themselves and impressive to all beholders. Given in the Grand Central building in conjunction with an extensive bazaar for the benefit of the city's pet charity—the hospital—a great concourse of visitors were in attendance. The scene was indeed one of transcendent brilliancy and beauty. Light, color, radiance,—they were everywhere. The breath of flowers, the sound of music, the murmur of laughter, the spirit of things past enamored all the senses as with a spell. A large army tent erected at the rear of the tea room was lavishly decorated in red-berried holly branches and the State and National flags. Within it was an antiquated spinning wheel of great age and immense interest, the property of Miss Susan Gingnard. Kerchiefs and caps reigned supreme, while the colonial exhibit of precious relics was extensive and beautiful. To quote from a local description: "On one table in the center of the floor was silverware and china that is considered invaluable by its proud owners, none of whom would part with one piece at any price. It was guarded with the greatest degree of care and admired and spoken of in terms not at all too extravagant by the many who stood around gazing upon the quaint treasures of ye olden time. Mrs. Thomas Taylor had on exhibition a magnificent mahogany table, with an inlaid medallion of Washington, four elegant mahogany chairs, whose history is traced back to 1767, silver spoons, sugar tongs, and other pieces of silver, marked with the same date belonging to Colonel Thomas Taylor, of revolutionary times, also candelabra dating back to 1780. Mrs. McFeat had a ladle of beaten silver, made of revolutionary coin, and a beautiful teapot and gold cup and saucer, all of which are historic relics. There were two candlesticks used by William Elliot, the ancestor of Mrs. H. W. Richardson, at a

reception tendered Lafayette, near Beaufort, in this State ; also, a rare piece of Delft china. Mrs. Kendall showed a pair of revolutionary candlesticks and candle snuffer, heirlooms from her great-grandfather. Mrs. Stark, an old fruit dish, two lovely cups, and sugar tongs of great age. Mrs. Warren Allen, some quaint French spoons and forks, a pair of gold antique scissors, a gold case containing tweezer, bodkin, toothpick, ivory-handled knife with gold blades, and also a silver teapot and decorated cups. But perhaps the largest collection of ancient treasures in china was that of Mrs. W. E. Harth. It consisted of a gorgeous blue tureen and soup ladle of that fascinating old blue so dear to the heart of the present generation, a number of platters and plates, all of which were used in a reception given to Lafayette when he last visited this country, the recipient of America's enthusiastic hospitality. These thrice precious relics have descended from the old historic family of Hayne. Besides these her collection included several artistic specimens of silver and a damask tablecloth seventy-five years old, inherited from another line.

The bill of fare for the evening included Johnny cakes, hoe cakes, ash cakes, and seed cakes, the simple viands of those quaint old days when our forefathers fought hard and oftentimes had but little to eat. The only regret of this pleasant and memorable occasion was the absence of our highly esteemed State Regent, Mrs. John E. Bacon, who unhappily was prevented from being present by sickness in her family.—MRS. CLARK WARING, *Regent*.

QUEQUECHAN CHAPTER (Fall River, Massachusetts).—The regular monthly meeting was held January 13 at the house of the Hon. Charles J. Holmes, the Regent, Mrs. Joseph O. Neill, in the chair. The roll was called and the minutes of the last meeting read by the Secretary, Mrs. E. J. Coburn. The Regent then read a brief account of the historical days in January, which was followed by the reading of Miss Eugenia Washington's paper, "Our History," from the AMERICAN MONTHLY, by the Vice Regent, Mrs. Bradford D. Darol. The Regent then introduced Mrs. Richard Jackson Barker, the Historian of Gaspee Chapter, of Providence, who presented an original

paper on "The Objects of the Society," and which supplemented Mrs. Darol's reading. The chairman of the Literary Committee, Miss Mary L. Holmes, then read a short paper and poem founded on an incident of the War of 1812. Upon motion of Miss Wixon a vote of thanks was tendered Mrs. Darol and Miss Holmes "for their entertaining reading, and Mrs. Barker for her interesting and instructive original paper." —CORNELIA W. (LINCOLN) DAROL, *Vice Regent*.

KATHARINE GAYLORD CHAPTER.—The programme for the December meeting of the Katharine Gaylord Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Bristol, Connecticut, proved to be one of unusual interest. Of the six days appointed by the Chapter for special honor, Forefathers' Day is one, and is the only colonial day. The occasion, too, made the celebration of New England's birthday peculiarly appropriate, for December 22, 1895, marked the completion of the third quarter in the third century since the arrival of the famous craft, the Mayflower, in the harbor of Plymouth. The programme was arranged, therefore, to commemorate that important date in New England history, the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock. It consisted of dramatic scenes from Mrs. Austin's popular novel, "Standish of Standish," and included the following: Two scenes on the Mayflower, one on deck, another in the cabin; a scene in Governor Carver's council room; the last hours of Rose Standish, and the death of Governor Carver; the arrival of two ships from England, a year apart, the Fortune and the Nune; betrothal scenes of Priscilla and John Alden, Governor Bradford and Alice Southworth, Miles Standish and his cousin Barbara.

The early method of teaching history was by the drama. Shakespeare wrote the Henrys, King John, and the two Richards to teach English history to the English people. The drama appeals most strongly to the popular mind, and makes a deep and lasting impression. Perhaps American youth will some time be taught American history in this way; but as yet we have no historical plays.

The novel, *Standish of Standish*, however, is easily dramatized and is admirably adapted to the amateur stage. It can

be well done with no scenery whatever; it requires little stage furniture, and the costumes, which are simple, can be made very effective. Nothing could make more real the youth and loves and friendships of those misunderstood and too often misrepresented people, the founders of New England. Why should they be handed down to posterity as stern, bigoted, unfeeling, when the contrary must have been true, as Bradford's Journal plainly proves. Rose Standish, pining away in the rude hospital during the bleak winter of 1622, her mind wandering to her lovely home on the Isle of Mann, and Miles Standish, bowed down with grief, silent and alone in his sorrow, is a scene exquisite in pathos. Governor Carver, most impressive in the council scene, is not less so at his death, when he names William Bradford his successor. The dialogue between Bradford and Standish, strong in feeling, but reserved, illustrates the David and Jonathan friendship of our early New England history—or the Damon and Pythias of our American mythology—if a comparison so Pagan can be used to describe Puritans. Priscilla, the charming Huguenot beauty, who has captivated the hearts of the soldier Standish and of the scholarly Alden, appears at her cleverest when she dictates to John Alden a letter to her girl friend in Leyden.

Of the ninety members in the Katharine Gaylord Chapter, fifteen are descendants of the Pilgrims. Elder Brewster is represented by four; Governor Bradford by four; Dr. Fuller by three; Peregrine White by two; and Mary Chilton Winslow by two.

Among those who took part seven were Mayflower descendants, five of whom played the rôle of their own ancestor, viz.: Elder Brewster, Governor Bradford, and Alice Bradford. Mary Chilton was played by a descendant bearing the same name by baptism, and Mistress White was taken by a descendant who appeared on the stage with her own ancestor in her arms, Peregrine White, born on that memorable voyage, and the first born of the Plymouth Colony.

Much interest was shown as the day approached for the meeting, and by a special vote of the Local Board, guests of the actors were admitted. The O. U. A. M. Hall was filled with an interested and friendly audience, when perhaps the

voyagers of the Mayflower appeared in a new light, more human, more lovable, and more worthy of our lasting remembrance.—MARY PHILOTHETA ROOT, *Historian*.

GENERAL FRELINGHUYSEN CHAPTER met on Saturday, January 11, at the home of Miss E. Ellen Batcheller, at the residence of James Yard Elmendorf, in Millstone, New Jersey. Four descendants of General Frelinghuysen are members of this Chapter, therefore it seemed eminently fitting that the Chapter should bear his name and that the first meeting should be held in the spacious mansion of the General's grandson. Mr. Elmendorf is also a lineal descendant of John Sobeski, King of Poland, and on the family silver may be seen the coat of arms of the English "Yards." This gentleman has in his possession the "Yard" seal, inherited from the great uncle for whom he was named, and the red coat taken from the Hessian leader after the battle of Trenton by his grandfather.

Miss Batcheller, the Regent, is of Puritanic New England ancestry, the poet Whittier being a kinsman, and Miss Batcheller, of Saratoga Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, is from the same line. Mr. Elmendorf and Miss E. Ellen Batcheller gave the Chapter a cordial welcome. The members present were invited guests and all sang America to an old piano purchased in 1768 for Mr. Elmendorf's mother. An elaborate luncheon followed, after which the Chapter was formally organized. Mrs. Putnam, Regent of Bouclindt Chapter, Elizabeth, read an able paper on Ancestry. Mrs. Olendorf, ex-Regent of Camp Middlebrook Chapter, spoke beautifully of the duties and privileges of the Daughters. Thanks were tendered to both of these ladies and to Mr. Elmendorf and Miss Batcheller for their hospitality, and resolutions of regret were passed for the enforced absence of our beloved State Regent, Mrs. Wm. L. Stryker, and Miss Forsyth, State Regent of New York. The charter members are: Regent, Miss E. Ellen Batcheller; Vice Regents, Mrs. Henry Hardwicke and Mrs. Wm. H. Hoppock; Secretary, Miss Caroline J. Otis; Treasurer, Miss E. Gertrude Nevins; Registrar, Miss Louise Anderson; Historian, Mrs. Wm. Luipp Van der Veer; Board of Management, Mrs. Annie E. Reed, Mrs. A. Paige Peake, and the above officers; Mrs.

Edward Bartine, Miss L. Frelinghuysen Chambers, Miss Anna V. Nevins, Miss Annie M. Reed, Mrs. Charles J. Smith, Mrs. Wm. J. Swinton, Mrs. Francis L. Van der Veer.

ORFORD PARISH CHAPTER (Manchester, Connecticut) dates its organization May 4, 1895, although its success was assured on February 20, and it was so announced in the Continental Congress. It was not until May 4 that all papers were accepted and the organization completed. The charter was signed August 23, by Miss Susan C. Clarke, and the name taken was that of the town during the Revolution. The frame for the charter is made of oak, and was taken from a rafter in the old Woodbridge tavern, where Washington once stopped on his way to Boston. The Society now has eighteen members, and seven of these are eligible to be "Colonial Dames," being descended from colonial governors. The officers are as follows: Regent, Mrs. A. Willard Case; Vice Regent, Miss Mary Cheney; Registrar, Mrs. William H. Moore; Secretary, Miss Laura Mabel Case; Treasurer, Mrs. Charles S. Cheney; Historian, Miss Alice B. Cheney; Local Board of Managers, Mrs. Frank Cheney, Mrs. Maro S. Chapman; Committee on Revolutionary Relics, Miss Mary Cheney, Mrs. F. H. Whiton.—M. S. CASE.

MOHAWK CHAPTER (Albany, New York).—The annual meeting of the Mohawk Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was held at the residence of the Regent, Mrs. William Crosswell Doane, on Thursday, January 9. On account of the illness of the Regent, Mrs. Dean Sage presided. A report of the year's work was given, and the Treasurer's report showed a balance in the treasury. The expenses have been large for a young Society, a premium of the Century Dictionary having been offered to the girl student in the high or primary schools of Albany and Rensselaer Counties who will pass the best examination in American history. A second prize of John Fiske's American History was offered by Miss Morton. The Chapter learned with regret that Mrs. Doane felt compelled to refuse a reelection on account of the fact that she is going abroad in a week's time, and will remain

abroad for several months. The following ticket, offered by the chairman of the Nominating Committee, Mrs. Joel P. Reed, was unanimously elected : Regent, Mrs. Levi P. Morton ; Vice Regent, Mrs. Daniel Manning ; Secretary, Mrs. Edward Bowditch ; Treasurer, Mrs. Abraham H. Baldwin ; Registrar, Mrs. George Evans ; Historians, Mrs. W. Winslow Crannell and Miss Ellen W. Boyd. The Local Board of Management consists of the general officers and Mrs. Clifford D. Gregory, Mrs. John L. Newman, Miss Abby Lansing, and Mrs. J. A. Lintner.

A resolution to amend that part of the by-laws that requests that the annual dues be paid "on or before February 22," to "on or before January 22," so that they might be sent to the Treasurer General before the National Congress, was laid on the table, as it was stated that some regulation of that kind would be made for the use of Chapters at the National Congress in February.

Mrs. Levi P. Morton and Mrs. Daniel Manning were elected delegates to the National Convention, with Mrs. William Gorham Rice and Mrs. Clifford D. Gregory as alternates. As will be seen from the fact that the Chapter will be represented by two delegates, there are already more than fifty members of the Chapter, and applications for membership are being presented frequently.

The Regent's certificate of Mrs. William Croswell Doane had been framed in twenty-two woods of New York State and was presented to her by the members of the Chapter. Many pieces of historic wood have been presented the Society, part of which will be used in constructing a frame for the charter.

Meetings are to be held monthly hereafter, and the outlook is very promising.—MRS. W. WINSLOW CRANNELL.

KENOSHA CHAPTER was organized in Kenosha, Wisconsin, on Tuesday, January 7, 1896. The meeting was held at the residence of the Regent, Mrs. J. H. Kimball. Mrs. James K. Peet, State Regent from Milwaukee, presided at the meeting. There are fifteen charter members and the prospect is bright for a large increase. Great interest is manifested in the Chapter, and the members are to take up the study of American history at their monthly meetings under the efficient leadership

of Miss E. A. Gill. The officers are: Regent, Mrs. J. H. Kimball; Secretary, Mrs. James Cavanagh; Treasurer, Mrs. Emory L. Grant; Registrar, Mrs. W. W. Strong.

ONEIDA CHAPTER.—The quarterly business meeting of the Oneida Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was held at the Porter Memorial Home, in Utica, on the afternoon of December 9, 1895. Delegates were chosen as follows for the annual meeting of the National Society at Washington, in February: Mrs. Ford, Miss Gridley, Miss Lynch. In connection with this meeting there was a second one, of a social character, on the evening of December 11, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Proctor. On this occasion a lecture was delivered by Hon. Asa Bird Gardiner, LL. D., Secretary General of "The Cincinnati." His subject was "Remarkable Instances of the Interposition of Divine Providence in the Cause of American Independence During the War of the Revolution." After some remarks concerning the patriotic societies in general, and the Daughters of the American Revolution in particular, he went on to say that American history had, for the greater part, been written by civilians to whom interpositions of Providence were not so apparent as to military men. No military man can study the military movements of the Revolution without perceiving the hand of Providence in the results accomplished.

Before the battle of Lexington Captain Smith disobeyed orders and consequently the British soldiers were obliged to delay on their march, waiting for their rations, and also obliged to wade through icy water, which so hindered them that the Americans had time to come together and defeat them, whereas otherwise they could easily have captured Concord and its stores, and put an immediate end to the uprising. At Fort Ticonderoga, if the sentry's flint-lock had fired instead of flashing Ethan Allen would have been killed and the soldiers at the fort alarmed, but as it was they suspected nothing, and Ethan Allen and his men found the sally port open and easily gained possession of everything, including guns, which were afterwards used in the defense of Boston. This led the way to Crown Point and St. John's, and removed the British line of

operations from the headwaters of the Hudson to Canada. The wind which blew away the sound of the American soldiers at work fortifying Dorchester Heights from the British fleet was another instance of the workings of Providence. The change of wind during the night when the Americans were retreating from Long Island, and the fog following, which further covered their retreat, were cited as still another case. The capture of a British spy by Americans in red coats, taken from the British and worn because they had no others; the similar instance of Paulding, one of Major Andre's captors, having on a Hessian coat, just given him by a Hessian as he left prison, and the January thaw which prevented Cornwallis from capturing the American forces at Trenton, followed by the frost which allowed the Americans to get way from him during the night, were among the most striking cases of providential intervention mentioned.

The whole lecture was most interesting, and the Society was delighted with the opportunity of hearing Colonel Gardiner—so well known for his wonderful familiarity with the facts of American history and genealogy, and his unique way of making them interesting to all persons at all times.

After the lecture "America" was sung most heartily, a double male quartette and printed leaflets with the words adding greatly to the courage and unanimity of the singers. After a collation the company separated.

TUSCARORA CHAPTER.—A year has passed since interest became awakened in the matter of organizing a local Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Mrs. Kate Morse Ely, appointed Regent, was about leaving home for an extended tour in foreign countries, and the delicate health of the Vice Regent forbade her undertaking the responsibility of organization, therefore no regular meetings were held until October. But the fires of enthusiasm had been kindled and the Registrar was kept busy furnishing application blanks.

Mrs. Ely returned to find twenty-five names accepted and enrolled. The formal meeting held at her home (at which time the charter was presented) filled each heart. The zeal

was deepened by her thoughtful and inspiring address. The name, "Tuscarora," was adopted as bearing local significance. The election of Mrs. Ely as Regent for the coming year will be unanimous. Under her faithful and efficient guidance the Tuscarora Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, will do good work. "A Daughter of '76," an original poem by the Secretary of the Tuscaroras, has already found its way into the Magazine, and is one of several bright papers presented before the Chapter.—MARY THURSTON CAMPBELL, *Historian*.

ANNE WOOD ELDERKIN CHAPTER (of Willimantic), the twenty-third in Connecticut, has recently celebrated its first anniversary. Organized by Mrs. Keim, it has always had something of her enthusiasm. Meetings have been held once in three weeks at the homes of members, at which varied programmes have been given, patriotic songs always being a part. Several members have already prepared and read lineage papers. Each "Daughter" also brings an historical question in writing, and these are distributed and answers given at the next meeting. Though most of the exercises have been instructive the social side has not been neglected. Bunker Hill Day was commemorated by a picnic of the Chapter and guests at the historic Windham Frog Pond. Mrs. Smith, First Vice Regent, Mrs. Cooley, Registrar, and Mrs. Macfarlane have each entertained the Chapter after a drive from the city to their country homes. For the annual meeting the Regent's pleasant house was finely decorated and a choice collation was served. The officers appointed for the first year were elected by the Chapter for the second year. Late in December the six members, who are "granddaughters," gave a reception to the Daughters of the American Revolution in honor of the latest member, Mrs. Angelina Loring Avery, who is the youngest daughter of a revolutionary patriot on record, being fifty-six years of age. The parlors were beautifully trimmed with flowers and the national colors. To the music of an inspiring march the seven ladies, Mrs. Loring Avery, Mrs. Hayden, Mrs. Davison, Mrs. Bowen, Mrs. Congdon, Mrs. Barrows, and Mrs. Chaffee, dressed in colonial costumes, passed under the "Stars and Stripes" which festooned the doorway, and were

received by the Regent, Mrs. Litchfield, with appropriate and patriotic remarks. After giving a welcome to the new member and a slight sketch of the services rendered by her father and grandfather, the Regent presented the beautiful souvenir spoon from the National Society. Though this presentation was a complete surprise, Mrs. Avery expressed her thanks in a dignified and graceful manner.

Many of the guests were adorned with antique laces and jewels—priceless heirlooms from “ye olden time.” Most of the work done by the Chapter has been preparation for effective patriotic effort later. A petition has been sent to the several libraries asking that especial attention be given to providing patriotic and historical works and a recommendation to the public schools that patriotic songs be used even more frequently. The Chapter has a unique frame for its charter, made of oak taken from the house built and occupied by Brigadier General Jedediah Elderkin and his wife, Anne Wood, for whom the Chapter is named, embellished by handwrought nails used in its construction.—MINNIE POMEROY COOLEY, *Registrar*.

CLINTON CHAPTER (Clinton, Iowa).—The Clinton Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Clinton, Iowa, have held two very pleasant meetings in the past few months. One was a colonial luncheon at which this Chapter entertained, as its honored guest, Mrs. Clara A. Cooley, State Regent of Iowa. It was given in the beautiful colonial house of Mrs. James Dwight Lamb. The house was artistically decorated with palms and asparagus fern, and vases filled with white chrysanthemums adorned the tables. Covers were laid for sixty guests and at each place there was a fac-simile of a Continental hat filled with bonbons as a souvenir of the occasion.

Some of the Daughters were attired in quaint gowns of the olden time, and one, in particular, had doubtless graced many an assembly of colonial days.

Following the luncheon, which was after the manner of modern times, a short literary entertainment was given and music preceded a very interesting address by Mrs. Cooley on “The Daughters of the American Revolution.”

This delightful social gathering was followed a month later

by the annual meeting of the Clinton Chapter, at which time the reports of the past year were presented. The Chapter has increased in membership from forty-five (the number enrolled on its charter) to eighty-two members in a year. It has held eight Chapter meetings, which have been full of interest, and on Memorial Day it first took active part, as an organization, in the services of the day.

The officers elected for the coming year are as follows : Regent, Mrs. Abbie Cadle Mahin ; Vice Regent, Mrs. Elizabeth Gardiner Estman ; Secretary, Mrs. Elizabeth Clarke Wilcox ; Treasurer, Mrs. Helen Valeria Seaman ; Registrar, Mrs. Mary Pomeroy Ware ; Historian, Mrs. Ida Whalen Armstrong.

The life and enthusiasm of our Chapter centers in its Regent, Mrs. Mahin ; through her personal efforts it has been made the leading Chapter in the State of Iowa, and under her wise direction for another year "We shall march prospering."—ELIZABETH CLARKE WILCOX, *Secretary*.



WHAT WE ARE DOING AND CHAPTER WORK.

"BOSTON TEA PARTY" CHAPTER celebrated their Chapter day, the throwing overboard of the tea, December 16, at the home of one of the members.

The Chapter is so young (although very strong, having reached the limit of membership, seventy-five, in four months) that instead of the celebration we hope to give next year, we had a charming tea party, which the Boston Chapter, Sons of the American Revolution, attended.

The ladies of the receiving party were the hostess, Mrs. Sarah S. Adams Wood; the Regent, Madame Anna von Bydingsvärd; Mrs. Rose Prioleau Newcomb, Vice Regent; Mrs. Sibylla Bailey Crane, Secretary; Miss Emma Josephine Allen, Registrar; Mrs. Eleanor Vaughan Tugts, Treasurer; Mrs. Elizabeth W. Botsford Coyles, Historian; Mrs. Mary Eleanor Guthrie, Assistant Historian.

These ladies and many of the guests wore powdered hair and coquettish patches, which were considered such marks of beauty by the dames of revolutionary times.

The rooms were beautifully draped with American flags and each guest was given a little bow of red, white, and blue ribbon as a souvenir on leaving the dining-room, where very dainty refreshments were served by a number of the young "Daughters" of the Chapter.

The Boston Chapter, Sons of the American Revolution, had invited us to join with them that evening at the Old South Meetinghouse in celebrating the one hundred and twenty-second anniversary of the first "Boston Tea Party."

Mr. Richards, President of the Boston Chapter, introduced Hon. Edward Shephard Barrett, President of the Massachusetts Society, Sons of the American Revolution, who made a

short address, after which Miss Howe sang "The Star Spangled Banner."

Rev. Mr. Barton, D. D., was the principal speaker of the evening and gave a most graphic and thrilling description of that first "Tea Party." Telling how the people assembled in the Old South Meetinghouse, where we were sitting, waiting with what patience they could the return of the messenger, sent for the last time to beg of the Governor clearance papers that the ships with their cargoes might return to England; of the return of the messenger to the wearied waiters with the Governor's refusal, and of the advent of the little band of men disguised as Indians, who took their way down to "Griffin's Wharf," where they climbed the sides of the vessels, throwing overboard the contents of the tea chests.

Madam Von Bydinsvärd, although she bears the name of a of Swedish nobleman, is an American born and bred, with a list nineteen ancestors in the Revolutionary War, and made a very graceful address in which she emphasized the hope that all "Daughters" would honor the peace their revolutionary sires suffered so much to establish, by forgetting all differences of opinion and merging all thought of self glory in the great cause we have at heart.

We felt this was a memorable meeting, as it was the first in Massachusetts in which the "Sons" and "Daughters" had united in their celebration of historic days, and it was so successful that we look forward to hearty coöperation in the future.

At the regular meeting of the Chapter, December 19, the first number of the Chapter paper, "*Tea Leaves*," was read by the editor, Mrs. Louise Peabody Sargent. Mrs. Ellen Way Allen contributed a poem called, "Peter Parley Place;" Mrs. G. M. Babb, an account of the first tea drunk in Maine; Mrs. Baxter, an old letter written from Ticonderoga, and a letter of Robert Session, who was one of the "Tea Party;" and the Regent a short history of the formation of the Chapter. The editor made a suggestion for securing Faneuil Hall for the use of the revolutionary societies.

Each member will contribute to the paper, going alphabetically through the list, four each time. It is hoped that each

will give some history of her own ancestors, and in this way many interesting and unwritten actions of bravery and patriotism will be brought to light and preserved by the Chapter.

At the last regular meeting of the "Boston Tea Party" Chapter, January 16, the following delegates and alternates were elected to attend the Continental Congress to be held in February. With the Regent, Madame Von Rydingsvärd, Mrs. Sibylla Bailey Crane, and Mrs. Clara Bancroft Beatley. For alternates, Mrs. Louise Peabody Sargent, Mrs. Ellen Way Allen, and Mrs. Elizabeth W. Botsford Cowles.—ELIZABETH W. BOTSFORD COWLES, *Historian*.

LOUISA ST. CLAIR CHAPTER held its annual meeting and banquet at the Russell House. Forty-four members were present at the business session, which was held in the ladies' parlor, and the old officers were reëlected, as follows: Mrs. Eugene Gibbs, Regent; Mrs. John S. Newberry, Vice Regent; Mrs. Louis A. Arthur, Treasurer; Mrs. J. B. Nichols, Registrar, and Mrs. Emory Wendell, Secretary and Historian.

At two o'clock the banquet was served. The forty-four ladies had become fifty then. Twelve months ago the Louisa St. Clair Chapter met at the same place for the same purpose. There were forty active members in the Chapter then, and only eleven present at the annual meeting, while only eighteen seated themselves in the banqueting hall. Now on the Chapter's active list are the names of eighty-three ladies of patriotic birth.

In the mahogany wainscoted ordinary of the hotel fifty of them lingered for three hours over a dainty spread, and its attendant ceremonies, in memory of Mary, the mother of Washington. Wax candles shed their soft radiance over the tables and the sparkling service, and lit up the flushed and smiling faces of the fair banqueters. The silver candelabra and bunches of white blossoms were tied with dark blue ribbon. Even the fragile china was blue and white.

A spinning wheel emblem of the industrious mothers and wives of the Revolution, and emblem of their patriotic daughters now, occupied a place of honor in the center of the scene. The incessant murmur of conversation began before the grape

fruit was served, and for two hours did not cease in animation. Congratulations over the success of the occasion, words of pride in the Society and the valiant ancestry in whose honor it had been formed, anecdotes of family memory, and bits of feminine gossip vied with the patties of sweetbreads a la Bechemal, the roasted golden plover, the chicken mayonnaise and the charlotte russe, in retaining the appreciative attention of the fifty guests. Not until the fragrant French coffee had terminated the delicate menu was a formal word spoken. Then it came cheerily from the Regent, Mrs. Gibbs, who rose to introduce the toasts, by speaking some loyal words of the Order and the Nation's heroes. She spoke of the criticism that had been made of the Society because it was alleged to be un-American in spirit by promulgating a hero-worship of revolutionary soldiers.

"Is it not a very pardonable sin," she asked, "if we do boast of such an ancestry?"

At the close of her introductory remarks Mrs. Gibbs asked the ladies to drink to the toast:

"Our ancestors; our National Society formed in their honor; our Vice President General, of Michigan, Mrs. McMillan; our State Regent, Mrs. Edwards; our absent members; our newly elected officers, and each other."

The ladies rose and responded enthusiastically.

"The day we celebrate" was toasted in a clever speech by Mrs. Oliver Phelps, who found her theme in the sentiment:

"The study of the past is the lesson of the present."

"We must deify these heroes to whose fame and honor we owe our rights," said Mrs. Phelps at the close of a patriotic eulogy of the revolutionary patriots. "As a people we are the most universally educated, but as a nation we are lamentably ignorant of the details of the Revolution. And we need more patriotism and less politics among our public men."

She told several characteristic stories of Mary Washington, whom Lafayette in his admiration of her had called "the only Roman matron of the present day."

"Her character," said Mrs. Phelps, "stands out in majesty. I think it can best be summed up in the phrase 'moral grandeur.'"

Mrs. Charles Larned Williams responded to the toast, "Youthful patriotism," urging the importance of instilling love of country in childish minds at school, but most of all at home. She spoke of the extraordinary fact that before the Civil War the heroic deeds of the revolutionary period were not generally known, and only meagerly taught at school.

"Teach the youth to revere that precious jewel "liberty," and uphold the honor of our flag," was her parting admonition.

Mrs. H. M. Duffield's subject was "Our Flag."

"What is there new that I can say of the dear old flag?" she asked. "Born of the struggle for freedom, its colors and emblems typify the spirit that gave it birth."

She told the story of the first Stars and Stripes, and at the close of her patriotic paper the ladies rose again, toasted the national emblem, and sang with feeling "The Star Spangled Banner."

The "Women of the Revolution" was the title of a paper by Miss Octavia Williams Bates. In it she said:

"Beginning with Mrs. Draper, of Connecticut, who prepared a meal of hasty pudding and milk for an hundred men, tired with marching and exhausted with hunger—and supplied it, too, in the space of an hour, there is a long list of dauntless women, who were filled with an ardent spirit of patriotism, and who displayed indomitable perseverance when principle and right were concerned. They, as well as the men, were marked for the enemy's vengeance and were victims in many a scene of carnage and horror. These women of the Revolution were sterling, strong, and true.

"It was not a war which the men fought alone. The Revolution could not have succeeded without their aid. But they builded better than they knew. The women of the Revolution, with their clear-cut convictions, their undaunted resolution and unswerving purpose, while they assisted their fathers and husbands, their brothers and sons, to gain commercial and political freedom for themselves, unconsciously prepared the way for their own recognition ultimately by the Government of the United States."

Mrs. Alfred Russell made a vivacious response to the sentiment, "The Girls who Wear the Button." She thought that

she ought to know a good deal about girls, she said, being the mother of seven, and therefore was pretty familiar with buttons and buttonholes, too. She spoke in eulogy of the lovely girl who had lived in beautiful Westmoreland, beside the Potomac, in whose honor they had gathered, and she made an earnest appeal to the Daughters of the American Revolution, "the sweet young girls, and the old girls with white hair, too," to be worthy of their buttons.

The words of patriotism that had been spoken called forth a burst of loyal words from Mrs. Louis A. Arthur.

Miss Anna D. Pitkin, President of the Mt. Vernon Society, of Detroit, and Mrs. E. A. Rathbone, of the Society of Colonial Dames, were both toasted, and both made appropriate responses. The banquet ended with "Home, Sweet Home."

FIRST STATE CONFERENCE IN ILLINOIS.—In response to a call issued by Mrs. Annie W. L. Kerfoot, State Regent of Illinois, the Regents and delegates of the Chapters of that State assembled in conference upon the morning of the 3d of December, in the Woman's Club room, No. 15 Washington street, Chicago. The day was the seventy-seventh anniversary of that upon which Illinois became a State. The visiting Daughters were the guests of the Chicago Chapter, and were entertained with the most graceful and cordial hospitality. After a thoroughly delightful social hour, during which arriving guests were received by the State Regent, assisted by Mrs. Louise Dickinson Sherman, Regent of the Chicago Chapter, and presented to each other and to the members of the local Chapter, the meeting was called to order, Mrs. Kerfoot presiding. Upon the platform during the day were the State Regent and Chicago Chapter Regent, and their guests of honor, Mrs. Henry M. Shepard, National Vice President for Illinois; Mrs. Gertrude Barrett Eastman, Vice President of Echolia Chapter, of Los Angeles, California; the Rev. Walter Dellafield, D. D., Rector of the Episcopal Church of the Transfiguration, and President of the Chicago Society of the Sons of the Revolution; Mr. Edward M. Teall, Acting Governor of the Society of Colonial Wars, and Mr. Henry S. Boutell, President of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. The open-

ing exercises consisted of prayer by the Rev. Dr. Dellafield. the singing of "America," and an address of welcome by the State Regent. Interesting reports from the Regents of organized and reorganized State Chapters were read, being called for by the State Regent in the (following) alphabetical order of their cities: Mrs. Sarah Taylor, Bloomington; Mrs. Henry M. Shepard, Mrs. John N. Jewett, Mrs. Louise Dickinson Sherman, the three successive Regents of Chicago; Miss Myra Belle Ewing, Decatur; Miss Mina Grey Lunt, Evanston; Mrs. Venette C. Crain, Freeport; Miss Anna G. Felt, Galena; Mrs. Sarah Chandler Egan, Highland Park; Mrs. Julian Duncan Kirby, Jacksonville; Miss May Latham, Lincoln; Mrs. Mary Little Deere, Moline; Mrs. Asenath Martin, Oak Park; Mrs. Phoebe Sherwood, Ottawa; Miss Letitia Collins, Quincy; Mrs. Ralph Emerson, Rockford; Mrs. Annette Kimball, Rock Island; Mrs. Charles Hickox, Springfield; Mrs. Ella C. Barlow, Streator.

After an adjournment for luncheon the afternoon session opened with the singing of "Star Spangled Banner." Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller, Vice Regent of Fort Dearborn Chapter, of Evanston, and its delegate representing the Chapter Regent, Miss Cornelia Grey Lunt, at the Atlanta Exposition, read a witty and charming paper upon "Daughters' Day in Atlanta." Mr. Henry Sherman Boutell, in an address sparkling with humor, expressed in behalf of the Illinois Sons of the American Revolution a desire for a union with the Daughters of the American Revolution. Mrs. Gertrude Barrett Eastman, Vice President of the Escholzia Chapter, of Los Angeles, California, gave a graphic account of the work of the Society upon the Pacific Coast. Mr. Edward M. Teall, Acting Governor of the Illinois Society of Colonial Wars, exhibited the elegant badge of his society, and a cast of a cannon conquered by the Continental Army at Louisberg, and related some stirring incidents of the French and English War. A letter from Mrs. Adlai Ewing Stevenson, regretting that she was unable to accept the invitation of the State Regent to attend the Conference, was read by the Secretary of the Chicago Chapter, Mrs. Clara Cooley Becker. Mrs. Stevenson wrote:

MY DEAR MRS. KERFOOT :

Your note of cordial invitation to attend the conference of the Illinois Daughters of the American Revolution, to be held at Chicago, December 3, 4, and 5, reached me as I was about to leave Illinois for the winter. I need hardly say how much I regret the impossibility of being with you upon this interesting occasion, from which I am sure much good will come. Allow me to congratulate you personally as State Regent, and the State which you represent so loyally, upon your successful work in Illinois. With untiring effort and patriotic enthusiasm you have placed the grand old Prairie State fifth, and possibly fourth, on the list of the Daughters of the American Revolution in the United States. With her dignified head, cordially sustained and assisted by her able Chapter Regents, we shall soon expect to see her stand still more to the front in this noble and patriotic work. Again with regret,

Sincerely yours,

LETITIA GREEN STEVENSON.

Mrs. Mathews L. Bradley, member of the Board of Managers of the Chicago Chapter, and assistant secretary for the day, read the reports from absent Chapter Regents. Miss Cornelia Grey Lunt, Regent of the Fort Dearborn Chapter, of Evanston, offered the following resolution : "Madam President, in asking a moment before we close to consider our obligations to our State Regent, I am convinced that we are a unit in love and admiration. We appreciate her rare executive ability. We realize that it is to her admirable judgment and untiring efforts that we owe our present rank as a State Society. We know that without such a leader we should neither be able to count our present numbers or to display our quickened interest. For the Daughters of the American Revolution in Illinois she has wrought a noble and lasting work. We are proud of her success and we are kindled by her enthusiasm. In the name of the State of Illinois I move a vote of thanks to Mrs. Kerfoot for unflagging zeal, for constant and unselfish service, and for devotion to the interests of all. We desire as a State body to go upon record as pledging ourselves under her direction to more faithful work hereafter, and we offer our earnest assurance of loyalty to one who has demonstrated her right to the highest office or honor we can bestow. We hope she may continue for many happy and useful years to incite us by her noble example and to guide us by her wise counsels as State Regent of Illinois." The resolution was adopted by an enthusiastic and unanimous vote. Mrs. Kerfoot expressed her

thanks in a few feeling and graceful words. Mrs. Sarah Chandler Egan moved a rising vote of thanks to the Chicago Chapter for its courtesy and hospitality. The resolution was unanimously adopted. The exercises concluded by the singing of "Hail Columbia."

A meeting of Chapter Regents was held at the home of Mrs. James H. Walker on the 4th of December, when views were compared as to the best methods of forwarding the growth of the Society in Illinois, and an elegant luncheon was served. In the afternoon the Daughters were the guests of the Chicago Woman's Club, and were invited by the Society of Colonial Wars to an entertainment in the evening. The final feature of the three days' session was a colonial tea at the beautiful home of Mrs. A. C. Bartlett, on Prairie avenue. Music, conversation, a dainty supper, and the art collections of the charming home made the hours fly all too quickly, and the three hundred and fifty guests parted with cordial adieux, and hopes that they might meet again in State Conference in Chicago.—CLARA COOLEY BECKER, *Cor. Sec., Chicago Chapter, D. A. R.*

BUFFALO CHAPTER.—The season of '95-'96 opened auspiciously for the Buffalo Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. A line of interesting work on the constitution was planned, and the Society was found to have grown to such an extent that it was impossible to expect it to be always entertained in private houses. On this account the majority of the meetings will be held in the colonial parlors of the Genesee Hotel, several members entertaining at a time.

Other work of the Chapter has been connected with the public schools. Believing that patriotism could be shown in no better way than by carrying out Washington's precepts as regards the education of the young, Miss Maria Love was appointed chairman of a committee to investigate the character of the teachers in our public schools. It was found that a great number owed their positions to political influence only, and that in many cases they were incompetent and unmindful of the welfare of the children in their charge. A committee of four was appointed to confer with other such committees to be appointed from the various women's clubs and societies of our

city to discuss the possibility of having a school board which should promote education and put the schools outside of political favoritism.

An appeal from the Poughkeepsie Chapter was received requesting our aid in furthering a bill to be presented in the Senate and in the Assembly asking for an appropriation for a memorial to commemorate the ratification of the Federal Constitution by the State of New York. The New York Convention, called by Governor Clinton, met at the courthouse in Poughkeepsie June 17, 1788. Sixty delegates were present, and during the meeting it was discovered that the majority were opposed to ratification. It was mainly through the efforts of Hamilton, Jay, and Livingston that the malcontents were won over, and New York accepted the Constitution in time to take part in the first presidential election. The Buffalo Chapter being thoroughly in sympathy with the project, a favorable reply was sent to the Poughkeepsie Chapter and steps were immediately taken to interest our Assemblymen, one of whom in particular has promised to do all in his power to assist us.

Of the meetings of the Chapter this winter, the most interesting one up to date was that held on December 21, in the colonial parlors of the Genesee Hotel, when Forefathers' Day was celebrated. Appropriate music was a special feature of the afternoon, and the meeting concluded in the usual social manner, but the papers were the chief attraction on the occasion, when not only was the memory of our revolutionary ancestors invoked, but that also of those earlier pioneers of America and liberty, our Mayflower ancestors. Of the two hundred and odd members now composing our Chapter, there are known to be at least nine descendants of gentle Elder Brewster, and several of each of the other famous Colonists, Bradford, Standish, Alden, and Peregrine White. The papers presented were sketches of the lives of three of these celebrated Pilgrim fathers, and were written and read by Daughters descended from them, while Miss Julia Sherman gave a pleasant little talk on her ancestors, Alden, Standish, and Sampson.

A very interesting paper on Governor Bradford was read by Mrs. R. H. Ross, who skillfully portrayed the vicissitudes of the early years of Plymouth Colony. William Bradford was

born in 1590 at Austerfield, an obscure village in Yorkshire, England, and belonged to a prosperous family of yeomen. The name of Bradford is derived from a Saxon word meaning "broad ford," and the family possessed a coat of arms, "argent a wolf's head erased between three bugle horns sable." Bradford's family was probably the same which in earlier days had given a martyr to the stake in the reign of Bloody Mary, for we find the spirit of self-sacrifice well developed in the Mayflower pilgrim. Bradford was left an orphan in early youth and lived first with his grandfather, a county squire of means and position, and afterwards with his uncles. Being delicate and sickly he early became attracted to the Bible, and later espoused the cause of the "Separatists," as a body of religious enthusiasts were called who had separated from the established Church of England. When eighteen years old, much to the wrath of his relatives, he followed friends to Holland, and when of age sold his English property and engaged in the silk trade in Leyden.

When the "Separatists" determined to leave Holland and seek fresh fields for their labors, William Bradford and his wife, Dorothy May, made two of the number who embarked on that perilous voyage to America. Their only son, John, was left behind with his maternal grandfather, and whether anxiety for the child or apprehension of future danger preyed upon the mother's mind, we know not, but December 7, 1620, while the Mayflower lay at anchor in Cape Cod harbor, and her husband was on shore with an exploring party, Dorothy Bradford was drowned. She was the first English woman to die at Plymouth, and hers is the first recorded death in New England. Bradford endeavored to bear his loss bravely, and threw himself with renewed zeal into the business of the Colony. John Carver was chosen as the first Governor, and he selected Bradford to aid him in his arduous work. Before his death, he personally requested to have Bradford succeed him, and Isaac Allerton was appointed to assist him. In 1632 Bradford married Widow Alice Southworth, who came from England on the "Anne," leaving her two sons in the old country. According to tradition she was his first love. By this marriage there were three children, and their many de-

scendants have been noted for sterling worth, brilliant intellect, and integrity of purpose. Governor Bradford continued to hold his office, with the exception of five years, until the day of his death. He was a deep student, and possessed great knowledge of Dutch, French, Latin, and Hebrew, besides being well versed in history, philosophy, and theology. His was the great work of the formation of the Colony, and the most vivid picture of its establishment and development may be found in his book, the "History of the Plymouth Colony." William Bradford died May 9, 1657, and was buried in the old churchyard at Plymouth.

" Men are but flocks,
Bradford beheld their need,
And long did them at once
Both rule and feed."

Memories of John Alden were charmingly recalled by Mrs. John L. Williams, one of his descendants, and from her paper we learned the following facts :

The birthplace of John Alden and incidents of his childhood and boyhood are unknown, but he is supposed to have been born about 1599. We do not hear of him with the band of "Separatists" in Leyden, but when the Mayflower sailed from Southampton we find that John Alden, then twenty-one years old, was enrolled among the passengers, and hired as a cooper. He was the youngest male member of the "Pilgrims," who were so called because they were indeed "strangers and pilgrims on the earth," and he seems to have been in thorough sympathy with their religious views. From his first connection with them to the last he proved himself consistent, brave, and energetic; a man of high morals and intelligence, worthy to be the hero of that first American love story which our great poet has so exquisitely immortalized.

Among the maidens on shipboard upon that eventful voyage was one who shone among the fairest by reason of womanly virtue and youthful beauty, Priscilla Molines or Mullins, of Huguenot descent. During the many days that passed upon the great deep, and in daily communication with each other, it is not surprising that John and Priscilla unconsciously wove a beautiful strand of romance into their severe and anxious lives.

Their voyage ended and the Colony established at Plymouth, the stern realities of life absorbed their interests for the time being, and the realities of life *were* stern that first winter in New England, when perils from disease, starvation, and hostile Indians beset them on every side. During this time Priscilla lost both her parents and her brother, and Captain Standish, who had lost his young wife Rose, turned his thoughts toward the orphaned girl. We all know the sequel, the worthy captain's wooing by proxy, and Priscilla's gentle hint to her modest lover.

In the growth of the Colony, and the establishment of prosperity and trade with the Indians, Alden took his place among the seven great men of Plymouth. Personally, he was said to be "tall and well formed, robust, athletic, and of a fair and comely countenance,"—a hardy man who could "hew down forests, and live on crumbs." He has been likened to Brewster in piety, and to Standish in bravery; he was said to have a "pretty way" with his sword, and Longfellow calls him the "elegant scholar." He held office under every Governor for sixty-seven years, and in 1628, when the debts of the Colony became due in England, he was one of the seven men who became personally responsible for the debt of the whole company. In 1631 the Alden family removed to Duxbury, following Standish, who, in spite of the unfavorable termination of his wooing, had remained their fast friend, the families being still more closely united in after years by marriage.

All of the name of Alden in America are descended from our Mayflower pilgrim, and the family numbers among its shining lights many eminent soldiers, statesmen, clergymen, and scholars. Two of our Presidents, John Adams and John Quincy Adams; President Kirkland, of Harvard University, and Eleazer Wheelock, founder and first president of Dartmouth College, may be mentioned among the celebrated descendants of John and Priscilla Alden. Of their children, a popular novelist has brought to our hearts charming Betty Alden, afterwards Mrs. William Paybody, their eldest daughter, and the first girl born after the landing of the Pilgrims. Tradition says John Alden was the first to step from the May-

flower to Plymouth Rock, and he was the last of the Mayflower's passengers to die. His death occurred September 12, 1687, at the age of eighty-nine. Upon the original farm at Duxbury still lives a John Alden, ninth in descent from the original, but with him the record will cease and a noble line pass into obscurity.

The youngest member of the Plymouth Colony was Peregrine White, a child born after the Mayflower's arrival at Cape Cod. The following account is taken from a delightful paper by Miss Harriet Tracy Lay, one of Peregrine's descendants:

Among the hundred "Separatists" on board the Mayflower were William White, his wife Susanna, the daughter of Dr. Samuel Fuller, his son named Resolved, and two men servants. William White was born in Plymouth, England, was a wool-carder by trade, and like many others of his own religious belief had removed to Leyden, where he married and lived until taught the undesirability of a permanent home in Holland. The good ship that had carried the Pilgrim band over the expanse of ocean in safety sighted land November 9, 1620, and Cape Cod harbor was entered. Scouting parties were sent out in the long boat to discover a suitable spot for a permanent settlement. The good harbor and facilities for landing at Plymouth received the votes of the whole exploring party, and there they built their first Common House. During the absence of one of these expeditions the number of the little Colony was increased, December 10, by the birth of a son to William and Susanna White. He was named Peregrine, a "stranger" or "wanderer." Probably no pen can describe the hardships of that first winter; although the settlement was located December 21, the Mayflower was made the headquarters of the Colonists, especially after the burning of the thatched roof of the Common House in January. The final disembarkation was not made until March 31, and when the Mayflower sailed on her return trip to England in April forty-six of the Colonists were dead. Among these was Peregrine's father, who died February 21. Thirty-one days afterwards died the wife of Edward Winslow, and in seven weeks Winslow married Susanna White. She thus became the first mother, the first widow, and the first bride of the Colony.

Peregrine moved with his stepfather's family to Marshfield, Massachusetts, in 1632, and seems to have been one of the beaux of the town. He was a hearty, fine looking man, of stately bearing, who rode a black horse and wore a coat with buttons on it the size of silver dollars. During his youth he was extravagant and gay, but moderation came with years, and he filled many positions of trust and honor, while his devotion to his mother throughout her life was one of his most prominent virtues. When sixteen years old he enlisted in Captain Standish's military force and became ancient bearer, afterwards lieutenant, and in 1673 captain. In 1648 he married Sarah, daughter of William Bassett, of Duxbury, and raised a family of seven children. In 1665, at the request of the King's commissioners, the Crown gave two hundred acres of land at Marshfield to Peregrine White, in recognition of his being the first American-born Englishman. In 1868 the house which he built on this land was still standing, and occupied by one of his descendants, and at even later accounts was still in the family. Peregrine White survived all the Pilgrims of 1620, and united with the church in his seventy-eighth year. He died at the ripe old age of eighty-three, July 20, 1704. His cradle is still in existence, and may be seen in the Plymouth Museum.

In spite of the fact that America is considered a new country, without the association of antiquity, if we search the pages of history connected with the early settlements we find stories of romance and adventure rivaling the novels of Cooper, and showing with unequivocal truthfulness the courage and fortitude with which our ancestors, both men and women, braved the dangers of an unknown land and bequeathed to their descendants a noble heritage—the love of just government and religious freedom—vital principles that our revolutionary ancestors cherished and again struggled to maintain. Let us remember what our birthright exacts of us. In the words of Webster, in his speech at the Pilgrims' Festival in New York, 1850: "Be rich, be prosperous, be enlightened . . . if such be your allotment on earth; but live also always to God and to duty. Spread yourselves and your children over the continent, accomplish the whole of your great destiny, and if it be that through the whole you carry Puritan hearts with you,

if you still cherish an undying love of civil and religious liberty, and mean to enjoy them yourselves, and are willing to shed your heart's blood to transmit them to your posterity, then will you be worthy descendants of Carver and Allerton and Bradford and the rest of those who landed from stormy seas on the Rock of Plymouth."—ANNA MAUDE HOXSIE, *Historian*.

ANNE WOOD ELDERKIN CHAPTER (of Willimantic, Connecticut) has reason to take pride in the illustrious ancestry of its members. This sketch is offered, not only to honor those settlers and defenders of our native land, but also as a slight return for the benefit received from ancestry papers already published in the AMERICAN MONTHLY. The Regent of this Chapter, Mrs. Lizzie Pomeroy Fuller Litchfield, daughter of Charles Backus and Mary (Palmer) Pomeroy, has already traced her lineage to sixty-six emigrants from old England to the new between 1620 and 1640. The first among them, both in point of time and honor, was Governor Bradford, whose great-granddaughter, Alice Adams, was the wife of Nathaniel Collins.

The Collins. About 1630 Edward Collins and his wife, Martha, settled at Cambridge, Massachusetts, where they brought up a large family. Two sons were ministers, graduates from Harvard College, and all the daughters were minister's wives. Edward Collins was a large land owner, for fifteen years was deacon of the church, and as long a member of the General Court. His son, Nathaniel, who married Mary, daughter of Captain William Whiting, of Hartford, was the first minister settled at Middletown, Connecticut. Of his death, December 28, 1684, Cotton Mather wrote: "His death was deeply lamented by the whole community. There were more wounds given to the whole Colony of Connecticut than the body of Cæsar did receive when he fell in the Senate House. All the qualities of most Exemplary Piety, Extraordinary Ingenuity, Obliging Affability, joined with the Accomplishments of an extraordinary Preacher, did render him most excellent." One son, John, married Mary, daughter of John Dixwell, the regicide judge. Another son, Nathaniel, grad-

uated from Harvard in 1697, and was the same year ordained pastor of the church at Enfield, Connecticut. February 19, 1701, he married Alice, daughter of Rev. William and Alice (Bradford) Adams, of Dedham, Massachusetts. Their son, William, married Ann Jones, of Enfield, in 1734, and settled in Somers, Connecticut. The house in which they lived then is still owned by a Collins descendant, while in the nearby cemetery lie six generations of the family.

The name has been handed down and is now borne by one of the fourth generation, Ex-Secretary Wm. Collins Whitney. Jabez Collins, son of William and Ann, when but fourteen years old was at Ticonderoga and Crown Point in the French and Indian war. The diary kept by Noah Chapin (now owned by Mrs. Davis, of Somers) has this entry under date of "Thursday, April 20, 1775:" "Early this morning the news of the Lexington fight reached Somers, when the militia were ordered to meet at the meeting house, which was done and about fifty enlisted for the relief of their brethren in and near Boston which they heard were in distress. When Capt. Emory Pease, Lieut. Peter Kibbe, and Ensign Sam'l Felt were chosen to command the party with Jabez Collins as clerk." This company served under Colonel Putnam. Jabez Collins was sergeant in Captain Peter Kibbe's company, Colonel Samuel Chapman, in 1776, and fought in the battle of Harlem Heights. He was taken prisoner, and after his exchange walked barefooted through the snow to his home in Somers. He took up arms for the third time in defense of his country in the War of 1812. He died in 1839, aged ninety-five. His daughter Lucinda married Job Hurlburt. Mary Ann, the second of their fifteen children, and her husband, Charles Backus Pomeroy, were the grandparents of Mrs. Litchfield.

The Pomeroy's. This line, through Eltweed (Eldad), who came to Dorchester in 1635, and thence to Windsor, Connecticut, goes back to Sir Ralph De Pomri, who fought in the battle of Hastings, and whose name is among those engraved on Battle Abby, built by William the Conqueror to commemorate his victory. When conquered England was divided among the Norman knights. Sir Ralph received twenty-seven townships in Devonshire. He erected a castle in 1070, calling it

Berry Pomeroy after his Norman estate, portions of which are still standing. Six centuries on British soil had given the Pomeroyes, like many other Norman families, the Anglo-Saxon love for civil liberty, and Eltweed, born in 1615, came to New England.

Even in this free country, after a short residence at Dorchester, he sought the more democratic Colony of Connecticut. His name appears on the earliest records of Dorchester and he was the very first man known to have actively served as selectman. His descendants have always been ready to serve their country, whether on the field of battle or in the councils of peace. His seventh son was Joseph, who married Hannah Lyman, the granddaughter of Richard Lyman, one of the original proprietors of Hartford, and of Thomas Ford, representative from Windsor, 1638-41, '44, '50. Their son, Noah, born 1700, with his wife, Elizabeth Sterling, of Lyme, settled at Somers, Connecticut, where he was "a leading man in public affairs." Two of their sons, Elijah and Samuel, were in the Revolutionary Army and died from hardships and exposure. Colonel Seth Pomeroy, prominent in the battle of Bunker Hill, was a cousin. Deacon Joshua Pomeroy, youngest son of Noah, married Mary Davis, a descendant of Thomas Davis, Newbury, Massachusetts, 1635. Her grandfather, Cornelius Davis, received a grant of land in Stafford, Connecticut, from the Massachusetts General Court for services in the Narragansett war. Of the next generation Captain Samuel Pomeroy married Katherine Day, of West Springfield.

The Days. Robert Day came to Boston in 1634 and was probably one of the company who went to Hartford in 1636 with Rev. Thomas Hooker. His wife was Editha, daughter of Rowland Stebbins, of Springfield. Their daughter Sarah and her son Joseph perished in the Hatfield massacre. Their son, Thomas, went to West Springfield and married, 1659, Sarah, daughter of Lieutenant Thomas Cooper, who was killed by Indians at Springfield, September, 1675. "The loss of Lieutenant Cooper was severely felt. For many years he had been a wheel-horse in town affairs. His various accomplishments showed how wide were the demands upon the early settlers. He was practicing attorney in the county court,

practical joiner and farmer, bone-setter and surveyor, had been deputy to the General Court and townsman, and had been an invaluable agent in dealing with the Indians. His descendants may well place him beside the good and noble Deacon Samuel Chapin as a pillar of the town. His deeds fully warrant it." Between this Thomas Day and Katherine Day Pomeroy were three Johns who were prominent in West Springfield affairs. The third, Captain John Day, married Rhoda Chapin, the granddaughter twice removed of Deacon Chapin above-mentioned. Rev. Jeremiah Day, President of Yale College, was of this family of Days.

The Chapins. This family, like the Days, is of Welsh origin. Deacon Samuel Chapin came to Springfield in 1642, having already been in America ten years, and became very prominent both in town and church. A man of affairs and a strict Puritan, he was frequently made selectman and held positions of trust. September 10, 1652, he was made magistrate of Springfield, and two years later his commission was extended indefinitely. St. Gaudens' famous statute of "The Puritan," at Springfield, is modeled after him. His son Japhet, who was in the "great fight" at Turner's Falls, left this record: "I went out Volunteare against ingens the 17th of May, 1676, and we ingaged batel the 19th May, before sunrise, and made great spoil upon the enemy. Loss of 37 men and Capt. Turner, and came home 20 May." For this service his son, Thomas, received a large grant of land. His daughter, Hannah, was captured by Indians and taken to Canada, whence she was rescued after a captivity of two years. The next generation brought another Japeth, 1697-1786, the father of Rhoda Day. When he was eighty-two, and his wife, Thankful Dickinson, eighty, they rode on horseback from Chicopee to Northfield, over forty miles, in one day.

Mrs. Litchfield's maternal ancestry also goes back to a Day, Ralph Day, Dedham, 1640. After three Ralphs came Major Jonathan Day, 1719-1802, who married Hannah Battle, the granddaughter of Joshua Fisher, for many years the efficient town clerk of Dedham. He received his commission as major from Governor Hutchinson some years before the Revolution. He was selectman of Dedham, 1755-7, and "he refused to

serve as a grand juror at Boston, August 30, 1774—a proof of his loyalty to the colonial cause.” His brother, Ralph, was in the battle of Lexington. His son, Jonathan, married Mary, sister of Lieutenant John Mayo, who served in the Revolution. He was selectman of Dudley, Massachusetts, many years, including those of the Revolution, delegate from Dudley to the convention to form the State Constitution in 1787, and representative to the General Court in 1789. May 19, 1788, Governor John Hancock, who was a personal friend, appointed him colonel of militia. His daughter, Rebecca, married Parker Palmer, a descendant of Thomas Palmer, who was one of the founders of Rowley, Massachusetts. Thomas Palmer, Jr., served in King Philip’s war, enlisting November 29, 1675. His wife was Hannah, daughter of John Johnson, who was made captain of the town of Rowley by the General Court after service in the same war. Between this Thomas and Parker Palmer were three Samuels. It is supposed that the third Samuel, born 1745, served in the Revolution, but until further records are found what that service was cannot be ascertained.

Another Davis. William Davis came from Wales to America in 1635 and was at Roxbury 1642. His grandson, Samuel, and Mary Chamberlain, his wife, went to Oxford in 1729, fifteen years after the first permanent settlement. In company with his brother-in-law, Thomas Mayo, and Joseph Weld he had previously bought twenty-five hundred acres of land for which they paid twelve hundred pounds. For twenty-five years he was deacon of the church and for thirteen selectman and moderator, was also treasurer and representative several years. His daughter, Elizabeth, married her cousin, John Mayo, and they were the parents of Mary (Mayo) Day previously mentioned.

The Starrs. A record now at Sandwich, England, dated March 21, 1634–5 states: “Comfort Starr, of Ashford, Chirurgeon, three children and three servants embarked themselves in the good ship called the Hercules. His wife and the other five children came later. Stopping first at Cambridge Dr. Starr soon went to Duxbury, and thence to Boston, where he had a large practice until his death in 1660. His son, John, married Martha, daughter of George Bunker, who owned and gave name

to Bunker Hill. Comfort Starr, of the fourth generation, bought one thousand acres of land in Killingly, Connecticut, where he was prominent in church affairs. He had two sons—Captain Comfort, a revolutionary soldier, and Ebenezer, who had embraced the Quaker faith. Ebenezer married Mary Stevens, whose brother Darius was killed while heroically fighting at Bunker Hill. Their son, Darius, married Sarah, daughter of Jonathan and Anne (Bowen) Wilson. Jonathan Wilson went from Killingly in the "Lexington alarm." He reënlisted in June, 1775, and was corporal in Captain Joseph Elliott's company under Putnam and Durkee. He was in Colonel Livingston's regiment in 1778 and fought in the battle of Rhode Island. Amelia, daughter of Darius and Sarah Starr, married Harris, son of Parker and Rebecca Palmer. Mrs. Litchfield is their granddaughter. Her mother and three sisters are members of Anne Wood Elderkin Chapter.

This Chapter also has among its other members descendants of Governor Bradford, Elder Brewster, Governor Webster, John Alden, John Howland, Rev. John Robinson, of Leyden, and Samuel Huntington, who signed the Declaration of Independence, and the *youngest* daughter of a revolutionary soldier, but these must be left till a later paper.—MINNIE POMEROY COOLEY, *Registrar*.

AM I A MEMBER?

My fighting days are over. I am not a "Daughter of the American Revolution" "in good and regular standing," nor am I a pensioner in left-over dignity of the "late civil unpleasantness." But I am an American citizen of 1895-96, and, if the oldtime Revolution revolved things in general more than this year inclusive has revolved us from one thing and State to another, I am quite glad of the perpetuity of this tremendous organization. What are we anyway? Yesterday the Democratic star was the whole constellation, and all the Democrats looked out the windows at the sound of the drum and fife, while the Republicans were apparently deaf and blind.

To-day the Republicans are marching to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," while the Democrats are reading the papers with their backs to the windows. Day before yesterday it was war. Yesterday it was peace. To-day it is war. To-morrow ??? It is the same "stage coach" game in every realm. Yesterday we ladies wore small sleeves. To-day—we don't (evenings we don't wear any); Yesterday we rode in good, safe horse cars, and breathed at ordinary and healthful intervals. To-day we whirl at the rate of twenty miles an hour from one block's corner to another in deadly haste. Yesterday women staid at home and men went to clubs. To-day women go to clubs (and run them well, too), and write articles which go far to suggest progress in this moving sphere, while their husband's read them and admire man's wisdom in the spirit of the age.

Yesterday we some of us walked occasionally. To-day we *bicycle*, and the question is not *shall we ride*, but shall we wear skirts or trousers?

Yesterday women asked their husbands what was in the daily papers, and they reported what they thought their wives could understand. To-day these women take the editor's chair and give him and his staff "a day off" while they edit one issue of a great "Daily"—astonish the world with their ability, and put hundreds of dollars into the treasury of some charity.

Yesterday we wrote letters to people in distant towns. To-day we talk into a hole on the wall! Look to your laurels, everybody! '76 is nothing to this *evolving*, this *involving*, this *revolving* of this '96. I do not know that my grandfather, or my great-grandfather, or my great-great-grandfather, ever carried a musket for our glorious country, but I do feel, nevertheless, that I am a living daughter of great revolutions, and only hope I may not be revolved into being obliged to go to the polls to vote my husband into some office my sister could fill just as well, or shiver with political envy when my female neighbor makes laws for the bringing up of my baby.

MRS. SIDNEY TURNER.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE SONS OF THE
AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

AT the meeting of the Sons of the American Revolution, held on January 8, 1896, the following resolutions were introduced by Dr. Marcus Benjamin, after the addresses by Senator Hansbrough and Representative J. H. Bromwell, were delivered :

WHEREAS, The flag of our country is a precious heritage from our ancestors who fought for freedom and independence and represents the successful solution of the problem of self-government,

Resolved, That we heartily commend the efforts now being made by patriotic members of the Fifty-fourth Congress to cause such legislation as will in future prevent misuse of the national emblem.

Resolved, That the Judiciary Committees of the Senate and House of Representatives be asked to coöperate with their colleagues to report and urge the passage of such measures as will serve to protect our country's emblem.

Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting are herewith tendered to the Hon. H. C. Hansbrough and Hon. J. H. Bromwell for their able addresses delivered this evening, in which they have so clearly demonstrated the necessity of higher citizenship and the duty of promoting a love and reverence for our country's flag.





MAJOR SHAYLOR.

[Read before the Katharine Gaylord Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, Bristol, Connecticut.]

ONE of the duties assumed by us in connection with this organization is the gleaning of facts to put on record in memory of those who fought so bravely in the war of the Revolution to win for us the precious heritage of freedom.

If only historical research had begun earlier in relation to the Revolution how much of personal interest might have been found which is now lost beyond recall. But patient research for records of individual services and sacrifices so freely given and so patiently endured has served to quicken greatly our tender regard for the memory of the men and women who sacrificed so much to secure to us the blessings of liberty.

My sisters and myself feel especially grateful to those who have by the preservation of these letters made it possible to feel acquainted with one of them, our great-great-grandfather, and to pay tribute to his undoubted bravery.

Writing from Wallingford, Connecticut, April 24, Mr. James Lockwood says, "Colonel Wadsworth was over at this place most of yesterday and has ordered out twenty men of each company of his regiment, some of which have already set off and others go this morning." Twelfth on the list of these men stands the name of Joseph Shaylor, the great-great-grandfather

to whom I would introduce you, and the great-grand-uncle of two other members of our Chapter, for from the "mother of this patriot" are also descended Mrs. Piera Root Newell and Miss Mary Philotheta Root. The pleasing quaint names Piera and Philotheta are a heritage from Hulda Shaylor, the sister of this ancestor, who bestowed them upon her daughters in those olden days.

Joseph Shaylor returned to Wallingford for the summer after the brief service in April was over. But in November of the same year, bidding farewell to his wife and three little children, he again took up arms, and from that time he was in active service, much of the time "at the front," during the seven and a half years and more remaining of the war. He was appointed in June, 1776, to serve as ensign in Colonel Douglas' regiment of the Fifth Battalion, Wadsworth's brigade. This battalion was raised to reënforce Washington's army at New York. It served in the city and on the Brooklyn front, being at the right of the line of works during the disastrous battle of Long Island, August 27.

These were dark days for the Americans. On the 16th of November, Fort Washington, on the upper end of New York Island was attacked. Ensign Shaylor writes to his wife from New Jersey, three days later :

"*Beloved Companion*: Once more from a land of woe and trouble I write to inform you that through the goodness of God, I am in the land of the living encircled with friends, while, oh—how shall I speak of it, numbers of our friends relations and acquaintances are laid beneath the clods of the valley, or lie unpitied by the spoiler rotting above ground—but not to keep you in suspense, I must tell you that last Saturday there was an engagement on York Island, when almost all the men on the island were either killed or taken, which was not less than two thousand five hundred."

Here follow the names of fifteen men from Meriden and vicinity who shared this terrible fate.

Washington with his army, too feeble to risk an encounter with Howe (who meant to occupy New Jersey), for three weeks retreated before him, the rear guard left to pull bridges, being within sight of the pioneers sent to build them up. At

length on the 8th of December, Washington and his army reached Pennsylvania, opposite Trenton, and the Delaware River flowed between the pursuers and pursued. We recall the thrilling story of how Cornwallis, believing the spirit and strength of the patriots broken, returned to New York, leaving a body of Hessian soldiery at Trenton who were surprised and captured by Washington on Christmas night. This bold stroke of the 25th of December, 1776, resulting in such brilliant success, has often been called the "hinge" upon which the success of the American arms seemed to turn.

The term of service of the Fifth Battalion expiring at this time, Joseph Shaylor at once reënlisted in the Sixth Regiment of the formation of January 1, 1777.

(You see here in this time-stained document the original commission issued by "The United States of America in Congress assembled," appointing Joseph Shaylor lieutenant from January 1, 1777, and witnessed by John Jay, President of the Congress.)

The Sixth Connecticut, with all others of the "Connecticut Line," was marched to Peekskill to take the field. Colonel Return Jonathan Meigs, of Middletown, was appointed to take the command. His regiment, known in Connecticut as the "Leather Cap" regiment, served during the summer on expeditions and outpost duties in the lines above King's Bridge.

From the winter encampment at Redding detachments were sent out to watch the enemy and repel invasion. We note one of these expeditions as of interest here. In the latter part of February, '80, Lieutenant Shaylor was with a small number of men under Putnam at Horseneck, a part of Greenwich, Connecticut, endeavoring to repel a superior force of the enemy under Tyron, and at this time occurred General Putnam's famous ride down the "stone steps," a scene which our soldier loved to describe. We can readily imagine with telling effect recalling with what awe and delight we viewed the "picture" in the history in our childhood days.

In July, 1779, Washington organized a corps of light troops under Brigadier General Wayne to serve at the front, and especially to attempt the capture of Stony Point on the Hudson, the taking of which by the British in May had been a source of great annoyance to Washington.

This corps, which was to disband at the end of the campaign, was composed of picked men from all regiments then under Washington's command. The Connecticut division furnished one of three light regiments numbering four hundred men, one of whom was Lieutenant Shaylor, detached from the Sixth Connecticut. It was commanded by Colonel Meigs, of the same regiment. At the storming of Stony Point the soldierly qualities of our "ancestor" were put to a severe test, for in the assault, which occurred at midnight, the Connecticut division was given a responsible and dangerous position in Wayne's right column. The surprise and capture of Stony Point with five hundred prisoners, with a loss to General Wayne of only fifteen men, was regarded as one of the most brilliant exploits of the war, its "skill, dash, and completeness" being such as to win praises even from the enemy themselves.

After demolishing the works Wayne's corps were directed to abandon Stony Point. (One of the "trophies" secured by Lieutenant Shaylor in memory of the exploit, was this battered little copy of the "Night Thoughts," published in London nearly one hundred and fifty years ago. It bears the inscription in his own handwriting made the day after the capture of the fort, Joseph Shaylor, July 16, 1779.)

Meigs' Light Infantry soon disbanding, the men joined the American Army in the vicinity of West Point. In the autumn the division came immediately under Washington's command. In a letter written from Haverstraw, October 11, 1779, Lieutenant Shaylor speaks of having faith to believe that a few months will end the war. A month later he writes in the same hopeful strain in regard to being at home soon, but says, "I would not have you depend too much on seeing me, for I shall be unwilling to be out of camp should there be anything to do, for I would by no means shun the danger others are exposed to." He adds in different vein, "Such preparations as are necessary for winter quarters at home you will no doubt make. For a life without enjoyment is not worth having, and the army will not admit of enjoying life in any degree as one ought. I shall endeavor to compensate for the loss of a summer's campaign should health and my own situation admit of it. For that purpose I shall want a good store of fowls and

cider ; my horses in good order : my wife in good humor, and agreeable friends." The reality was very different from these anticipations, and forms a sad chapter in the history of the war. The Connecticut Division wintered 1779-1780 in huts three miles south of Morristown. The huts had hardly been completed when a winter of terrible severity set in, the most trying experienced during the Revolution. There was the greatest suffering among the troops from cold, hunger, and want of clothing.

In the spring of this year we conclude our lieutenant was granted a brief furlough, as we find the following entries in his memorandum book which have as before the indisputable merit of conciseness. " New Jersey, Apr. 8, 1780, set out from Westfield,—8th, lodged at the Huts, Morristown,—9th on the road,—10th, ditto,—11th, ditto,—12th, ditto,—13th, got home, 14th, set grafts (in cherry and apple trees) brought from the Jerseys,—15th, at home, labored in the meadow,—16th, at meeting in the forenoon,—17th, at home,—18th, set out cherry trees,—19th, at home with Lieutenant Curtiss,—20th, at Willingford, 21st, at Middletown,—set two grafts,—22d, labored in the garden in ; he concludes, " 20th of April, Crane came to live with me." Having thus " given a start to the Spring work " at home and provided some one to help on the farm, he left the management of affairs to his wife, in whose wisdom he seemed always to place the utmost confidence, and saying an affectionate good-bye to his family, mounted his horse and started on his five days' journey to the " Front."

During the summer of '80, Washington amassed his entire forces on the west side of the Hudson, hoping opportunity would offer of striking at the upper end of New York Island. For this object many boats were collected and a fine corps of Light Infantry organized under General Lafayette for rapid movement. It appears that Lieutenant Shaylor served under him at this time. (This sword, very highly prized by Lieutenant Shaylor and carefully treasured by his descendants, was presented to him by Lafayette.) This efficient force, led by this gallant French officer, practically challenged Clinton to meet it, but he kept himself in New York and the summer passed without any stirring event. In September, upon discovery of

Arnold's treason and flight, two Pennsylvania brigades and Meig's Sixth Connecticut Regiment were at once ordered to West Point to meet any attack the enemy may have intended through his treason. Late in the fall the army went into winter quarters, the Connecticut Division in huts near Robinson's farm. Here the soldiers built good huts and a division assembly room and the encampment became known as "Connecticut Village."

Under date of February 28, '81, Lieutenant Shaylor writes in humorous vein to his wife at Meriden (Wallingford). He speaks first of hearing of a visit of his at Haddam and says, "I should be glad to have the particulars from yourself that I might be informed who you saw, and then I shall know who saw you. You may tell me if you please how kindly you were received and by whom, how long you tarried there and who you had for company. In the next place I can tell you that I drew this day a good Dutch blanket made by a Frenchman so that I stand a chance of lying warm this summer. Thirdly, I stand thirteen chances out of seventeen to get a shirt to-morrow, so you see my circumstances are flourishing, if luck is mine at the hour. Fourthly, The chance I stand of getting money before I want it is as a mustard seed to Lamentation Mountain."

For the summer of '81, in the Highlands, we have few records of our patriot's experiences, but feel assured he was doing his duty with his accustomed bravery, since we find the following among the "orders" issued by General Washington, Commander-in-Chief, published in "Records of Connecticut Men." "Headquarters, Phillipsburg, July 17, 1781. The gallant and spirited exertions of Colonel Sheldon, Captain Hulburt (Connecticut), of the Second Regiment of Light Dragoons, Captain Miles (Connecticut), of the Artillery, and Lieutenant Shaylor, of the Fourth Connecticut Regiment, previous to the arrival of the troops, in extinguishing the flames of the vessel which had been set on fire by the enemy, and rescuing the whole of the stores and ordnance from destruction entitles them to the most distinguished notice and applause from their general.

Another year of service and the time of disbandment for those who had enlisted for three years or the war draws near.

He writes under date of May 26, '83, anticipating his re-

turn. He speaks of sending his horse home, charging them to be careful of his Hessian saddle. He seems, like all the soldiers of the Revolution, to have been "light of purse" at its close. He says, "I send you by Foard ten crowns; if you think you want them more than I do, keep them—if not you may thank me for my good will and return them, but I would not have you insult my poverty, for if I cannot spare more it is not because I have been a spendthrift or have not earned more." He must have anticipated the homeopathic principle of "like cures like" for speaking of sending home two dogs by the same messenger, he says, "I know you are not fond of the animals, but I beg you to be patient with them until I come home, and then I intend to bring two more, for let me tell you that white dogs are scarce." He closes by wondering what he shall do for a living when he gets home, not having any disposition to be lazy. The question was soon answered.

But before going on with his history we will stop to examine this very interesting relic, the certificate of membership in the Society of the Cincinnati, whose membership as you know was composed of officers of the Revolution. Towards the close of the war, Washington, unsolicited, sent to Lieutenant Shaylor a captain's commission. The certificate is made out with this rank. It is signed at Mount Vernon by George Washington, President, and H. Knox, Secretary, and bears the interesting date of the Fourth of July, 1785, the eleventh year of the Independence of the United States. In the decoration of this certificate the French artist must have sought to embody the spirit of triumphant self congratulation reigning in America.

But to return to my soldier, now turned civilian. Captain Shaylor had scarcely well established himself in the occupations of civilized life when serious troubles arose on account of the incursions of the Indians on the frontier. Led on by British emissaries from Canada they kept up an incessant warfare upon the defenseless inhabitants of Ohio. The General Government authorizing the sending of troops to their assistance, Captain Shaylor was instructed to enlist men to join the forces for their relief. He organized a company of fine men from Middletown, Westfield, Wallingford, Berlin, and Farmington, and marched them to the Northwestern Territory, Ohio. Here he remained for several years engaged in this protective

warfare, being for the greater part of the time in command at Fort Washington, which had been built for the protection of the inhabitants near the then small village of Cincinnati.

Captain Shaylor took with him to Ohio his only son, Joseph, who seems to have shared his father's fondness for military life. The next letter preserved is dated August, 1790. His wife died previous to this, and this letter and those which follow are addressed to his eldest daughter, Lucinda, upon whom he depended to attend to his affairs in the East, and whose miniature I am glad to be able to show you to-day. He writes from Marietta, Ohio, from which place he was to march three hundred miles further to make his headquarters. Fragments only of this letter are preserved, which are of interest chiefly on account of incidental allusions to this son whose tragic death followed so soon. He was now fourteen years of age and in the commissary department. He says of him, "Joseph is well and much of a soldier. He is learning French; I think the army school will be a good one for him." The father is then hopeful of returning home before many months. He sends his tender regards to Rachel, Lucy, and to Cynthia the youngest, my great-grandmother, whom I well remember as a venerable lady sitting upright in her straight-backed chair, when I as a child was taken to visit her. This quaint old daguerreotype, so well preserved, shows you the faces of herself and husband, Mr. Ira Ives. They resided here, in the house which stands at the corner of North and West streets. Many of their descendants are now living in Bristol and vicinity, among them the great grandson who is the fortunate owner of these relics. Miss Lucy Mix, of Flora, Illinois, is the only grandchild of whom I have heard as still living.

But to return to Ohio. Affairs with the Indians were not so easily settled as the Government had hoped. They showed a determined spirit of hostility, and in September, 1791, preparations for a regular campaign under General Harmar were completed. He made his headquarters at Fort Washington, having in all a force of fifteen hundred men. He twice met the Indians in a severe engagement, but the savage warriors fought with desperate valor, and the militia gave way in spite of the gallant officers, many of whom perished. The repulse

of Harmar but made the Indians bolder. General St. Clair, a veteran of the Revolution, was now Governor of the territory northwest of the Ohio, and to him was confided a general and destructive campaign against the Indians.

In October, 1791, he took the field at the head of nearly two thousand men. But so slowly did he advance toward the Wabash that his militia and the friendly Indians which had joined him deserted in great numbers. When within a few miles of the Miami villages he had to wait for reënforcements. The Indians did not allow this opportunity to escape them. Half an hour before sunrise on the 4th of November, 1791, the war whoop rang out, as under the lead of "The Little Turtle," the chief of the Miamis, they burst suddenly in full force on St. Clair's ill-guarded camp. The particulars of this disastrous battle are too dreadful to recall. Never since Braddock's defeat had the whites suffered so terrible a repulse. Major Shaylor was in charge of Fort Jefferson, then blockaded. His men were nearly all killed off. His grandson, Mr. Ives, tells the story of St. Clair's coming into the fort and asking for something to eat. They gave him the last they had and he went on his way. St. Clair told the story of the battle and cried like a child.

Three terrible months followed for our soldier ancestor. He was still at Fort Jefferson, five miles south of Greenville, near the scene of the disastrous defeat of St. Clair, which had made the Indians only bolder and more merciless than before. They employed every stratagem at their command by which to wreak vengeance on the settlers and their defenders. Four warrior Shawnees laid a deliberate plan for the capture and death of Captain Shaylor. Knowing him to be passionately fond of hunting they lay in ambush near the Fort at a favorable moment, and imitated the call of wild turkeys so successfully as to entirely deceive the commander. He and his sons sallied out with their guns, hoping to secure game, of which the garrison was no doubt in sad need, it having been almost impossible for them in the midst of the enemy's country to obtain the barest necessities of life. While yet within hearing of the garrison they were mercilessly attacked, and the father

had the unspeakable anguish of seeing his son fall a victim to their savage hate, without being able to rescue him.

Captain Shaylor, though wounded, reached the sally-gate which opened and closed instantly, and the savages though closely pursuing were cheated of the prey they with such deliberate cunning had sought. This letter, copied from the original, tells its own story better than any other words could do. It was written about two weeks after he was relieved at Fort Jefferson, and allowed to return to his former command.

FORT WASHINGTON (about twelve hundred miles from Connecticut),

March 18, 1792.

My Dear Children: Before this can reach you the melancholy news of the death of your brother will be announced most likely. But if not, forbear a tear at the relation of it, that sacrifice is already paid. If tears can suffice I have shed enough. My rising hope, the expectation of my future happiness, and one in whom was centered the hope and expectation of the family is numbered with the dead. He was killed by two warrior Shawnees within call of the garrison I then commanded, on the 11th of February. I was at the same time attacked in the most furious manner by two others who hid themselves behind a log. They first discharged their pieces and then rushed on us in the most savage manner imaginable. He endeavoring to defend me lost his life. I endeavoring to defend him got myself in such a situation that I despaired of living another moment, for both of us had discharged our pieces, and without much effect; we had both rifles without bayonets. The savages rushed on us with tomahawk and arrows which prevented us from loading a second time. I was therefore finally obliged to attack one with my fist, while another with his tomahawk was within a breath of taking my life. I, however, escaped with having an arrow shot into my side about half through my body. The wound I thought would bring on my dissolution, but thank God, I am recovered so far as to be out of danger. Joseph was brought into the garrison, and the next day was buried with military honors. Let it suffice to say that he lived as much beloved and died as much lamented by his acquaintances as ever a youth did. Neither had he contracted any vice in the army. Although under all circumstances this has been the most severe stroke that could be imagined yet let this be your consolation as it is mine, that he was taken in mercy from a world of woe to scenes of everlasting bliss.

My determination now is to leave the service and spend the remainder of my days in soothing the cares of my family. I beg you, my dear children, to continue in the path of virtue, that in whatever situation I may have that consolation with regard to you that I have with regard to your departed brother.

Nothing can exceed the horror of the last campaign, especially of my situation. I was left after the action and retreat of the few who were not

killed, with the wounded and sick, amounting to near three hundred, sixty-eight miles and a half in the wilderness in the enemies' country under such circumstances as human nature will ever recoil at. No description can be given of the horrid scenes I have passed through, surrounded with the groans of the wounded and yells of the savages, destitute of provisions, reduced to the necessity of eating horses, which were so worn down with service as not to be able to walk from the garrison, in constant expectation of falling a sacrifice to those who gave no quarter. In this unhappy situation I have remained four months, but am now relieved. The communication from this place is so difficult, having five hundred miles to go, every step exposed to the enemy's fire, that few opportunities offer for conveying intelligence. From

Your Affectionate Father,

JOSEPH SHAYLOR.

His letters show him to have been greatly attached to his children, and the death of his son seemed to take the zest out of military life for a time. He writes in June: "Service since the death of Joseph is dull; everything wears a disagreeable aspect." Situated as he was at such a great distance from home, it being very difficult to find a messenger to convey a letter since he must run the gauntlet of the savages for hundreds of miles before he could be in any degree safe, it was no wonder that he so longed to see his family again as to be almost tempted to quit the service if he could bring it about in no other way. But he did not desert the post of duty, and at last Indian affairs in the West were brought to a settlement by the decision and energy of General Wayne, famous as we know for the daring exploits in the war of the Revolution. Having made every preparation he met the Indians in battle not far from the British Fort Miami. Even these savage warriors could not stand before the impetuous charge of Wayne's right line. The Indians were driven for an hour with constant loss for more than two miles, till the crestfallen braves at last sought shelter under the guns of the British fort.

Captain, now Major Shaylor, which rank he acquired October 1, 1793, the year following the death of his son, must have borne some part in this victorious conflict, for he tells, as his grandson remembers, of encountering "Mad Anthony" with his boots full of blood, shouting to his men not to spare them! Although the victory was complete the Indians held out until Wayne laid waste their whole country.

The Miamis at last made overtures of peace and on the 3d of August, 1795, Wayne concluded a treaty at Fort Grenville with the nine principal Indian tribes.

A boundary line was assigned to them and annual presents agreed upon, we fear of small value, by comparison, in return for the lands which they gave up forever. Thus was war at last banished, for the most part, from the frontiers.

The military life of Major Shaylor being over, his great fondness for the country which he often described as "the finest in the world," asserted itself, making him entirely unwilling to leave it. He at first bought a lot near Fort Washington, in the outskirts of the village of Cincinnati, which he describes in one of his letters as a very "flourishing village almost if not quite as large as Hartford." The borders of the "Queen City" have so far extended that now Fort Washington, if standing, would be located on Broadway.

Mr. Charles G. Hall, of Cincinnati, one of the descendants of Major Shaylor, and a member of the Ohio Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, writes that the Society proposes to erect a bronze statue, "The Minute Man of '76," on the site of the northeast corner of the old fort, now a triangular intersection of very nice residence streets in the old and aristocratic "East End." Joseph Shaylor had earlier identified himself with the interests of the place.

The first Presbyterian Church built in Cincinnati was erected in 1792. We learn from the early history of Ohio that he was one of the founders of this church.

At the close of the war he married the widow of a Captain Armstrong, and located on a plantation about sixteen miles from Fort Washington.

A legendary recollection of his granddaughter was of a hollow sycamore in which he made his residence for a few months on first settling in Ohio. This sycamore grew on the bank of a stream that still bears the name of "Shaylor's Run." He used every effort to induce his children and relatives to come to Ohio. He had become a man of much influence in the community and assures his daughters, who all married but Lucinda, that he can provide a place for them all with their husbands. The third daughter, Lucy, responded to the invitation and with her hus-

band, Mr. Jarius B. Mix, of New Haven, removed to Ohio. Her descendants are now living there and in neighboring States.

The military instinct was still manifest in this old soldier until the last. In a letter written January 18, 1812, to Dr. Hough, of Meriden, he says, "If I could be ground over and made young again I should be tempted to try the army once more, but I am too old."

The powder horn of the "Old Soldier" is carefully preserved among the State relics at the Indiana State House. During the latter part of his life he suffered much from his wounds. His death occurred March 4, 1816, in Union Township, Ohio. Often during his illness he expressed his firm faith in Christianity. This aged soldier met the "last enemy" without fear. On the morning of the last day he said to his nephew, Mr. Shaylor Ives, who was with him, "I shall die before sundown;" then added, "I am not afraid to die." He was buried with due honors on his own plantation, a large gathering of people from the neighboring towns being in attendance. Just tribute was paid, in a formal discourse, to his character as a citizen, soldier, and patriot.

He left a daughter, Sophia, and two young sons, Thomas Jefferson and Samuel Vance Shaylor. His will, a copy of which is preserved, is very interesting. In it he provided for the education of these sons, of whom he was very fond, at the Lancasterian Seminary in Cincinnati, then adds, "And if possible (my heart glows with the prospect. I have served my country more than thirty years with applause, and have three times received the thanks of the immortal Washington at the head of his regiment) I say, if possible, in the Military Academy at West Point."

This little burst of pride is pardonable when we remember that in this correspondence, extending over the most important period of his military service, there is not one allusion to any brave exploit, or to any of the honors bestowed upon him. It would be very interesting to know if the wish of the old soldier in regard to his sons was fulfilled, but I have not as yet been able to obtain any definite information regarding their history.

I close with extracts from his last letter, which will fitly end

this partial record of the life of one of the brave defenders of our country.

Writing to his children at the East, January 30, 1814, of his satisfaction that the division of his property here is happily settled, he adds: "The best part of my days being sacrificed (as I thought) for the good of my country, without any just remuneration for my services, it was impossible to consolidate much property, except we estimate our independence at its real value, and allow me my share of contributing to the result of the 'Great Blessing'—then have I bequeathed to you and yours an estate worth millions."

Gathered here this afternoon, Daughters of the American Revolution, to do honor to the memory of our patriot ancestors, we listen to these other words of this veteran soldier as they come down to us from those early days of the fast receding century, with the force of a prophecy. "It may hereafter be a pleasing thought to generations yet unborn, to think that my grandfather—my great-grandfather—served his country under the immortal Washington, and was not unknown to fame."

It is in truth a pleasing thought and much more than that. We will indeed endeavor to "estimate our independence at its real value," and with thankful hearts, acknowledging our blessed heritage in this "estate worth millions," we pay our tribute of grateful remembrance to another of the worthy company of those by whose heroic deeds our country's freedom was secured.

M. JENNIE ATWOOD,

Recording Secretary.

NOTE.—At this meeting a red cloak of Revolutionary date belonging to Hulda Shaylor (a sister of the major) was presented to the Chapter for the Bristol Historical Society, by a great-granddaughter, Mrs. Robert Brown, the wife of Prof. Brown, of Yale Observatory, New Haven.



LETTER FROM EDWARD PAUL, JR., TO HIS FATHER
EDWARD PAUL, OF BROCKTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

[A kinsman of Mrs. Edward Polhemus, of Sequoia Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of San Francisco, California.]

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE,

July 18, 1799.

WORTHY PARRENT AND INDULGEMT FATHER—

I feel myself well employed at this time in ascribing my ideas to the best of fathers, to a parrent who is indulging me in a pleasing pursuit which I hope will repay him bountifully, and render myself happy. Sir, I have agreed with Mr. Fuller for my board this term, and I give him nearly 8 | 0 per week, whereas if I could advance the Cash I could get boarded for 1 Dollar per week exclusive of other matters. I should be glad of 10 or 20 Dols. if you could get them conveniently, and send them up by Mr. Gilbert when he returns after vacation, but if not do not trouble yourself, for I can get along without, perhaps you can send me three or four dollars which I shall want very much. I have got settled in a manner and enjoy myself considerably well, I have been troubled some with dysentery and it attends me some now, but I am in hopes it will ware away. Sir, I feel myself dependent upon Deity for life and all the enjoyments thereof, therefore I hope that I shall set a guard upon myself, and conduct with propriety at all times.

Sir, I want to come home some at commencement but it is a wonder if I do, tho' I think it would not cost so much as to stay on. It is the unhealthiest time in the year here, about commencement. I want you should write to me your minde

about it. I and Mr. Gilbert took a ride in a chaise last Sunday as far as the Rev. Mr. Burrus, and Cousin Siloam Short preached, and he declared the whole truth with Spirit and ardor.

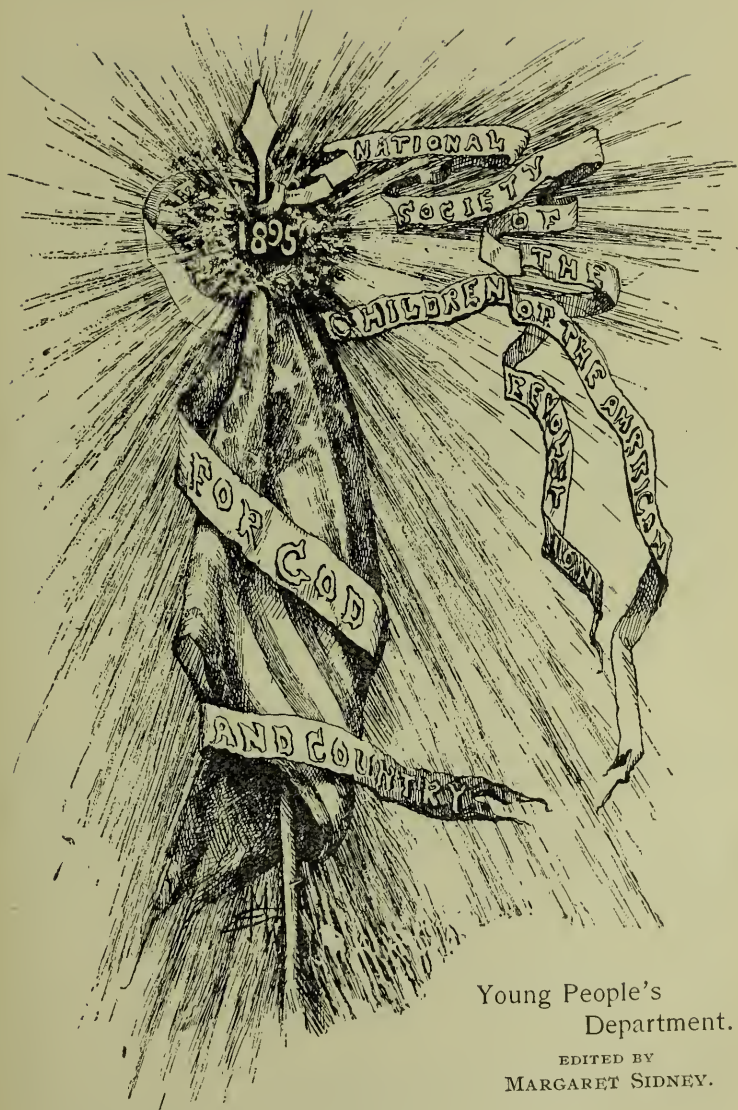
Sir, I attend to my studies fery closely, and I hope it will not be a vain thing so to do.

Remember me to my mother, and tell her that I do not mention her name here without dropping a tear, tell her I consider her a tender parrent worthy of my greatest attention. Give my respects to my Brothers and Sisters and tell them that I can't write to them now, but I will write to them by Mr. Gilbert. And likewise tell them that they must write a whole packet of letters and send up by Mr. Gilbert, and also by Mr. Rich, of Weston, for I shall be lonesome if I stay on through vacation, if I don't receive letters from my friends. Sir, I entered College without any difficulty at all, and I am not concerned but that I can get liberty to be absent next winter three months or more, if you will come up yourself and talk with the Pres. W. I want you should write to me every opportunity, for with great pleasure I can read your letters, if opportunitys do not present themselves seek them. I have bought me a Chest and that is all, my furniture I have got to purchase yet, which will cost me something, but I shall endeavor to get through as prudent as I possibly can. I read the Death of Frances Knight in the paper. Melancholy news indeed, but such news is wringing in our ears every day, therefore let us notice such alarming news with soberness and fear. Sir, I must close this letter by desiring you to write to me before our commencement, and send your letter or letters by Mr. Rich, of Weston, who will return before commencement, so I stile myself your ever faithful Child and obedient Son

EDWARD PAUL JR

Sir, I was in a great hurry when writing this incorrect letter.





Young People's
Department.

EDITED BY
MARGARET SIDNEY.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

ATTENTION, SOCIETIES!

AS we go to press, the great Continental Congress, D. A. R., and Annual Meeting, C. A. R., for 1896, is close upon us! The April number for Young People's Department will be a convention number, given up entirely to the accounts of that glorious occasion—the first Annual Meeting of the National Society, Children of the American Revolution!

STATE PROMOTERS.

ADDITIONAL LIST: Mrs. U. S. GRANT, Washington, D. C.; Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Wallace Radcliffe, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Justice Field and Mrs. Field, Washington, D. C.; Senator and Mrs. Julius C. Burrows, Washington, D. C. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Thomas Hill Rich, Lewiston, Me.; Mrs. John E. Palmer, Portland, Me., State Regent D. A. R.; Rev. Henry S. Burrage, D. D., Secretary Maine S. A. R.; Mrs. Neilson Poe, Jr., Baltimore, Md., and Mrs. Joseph Rockwell Swan, of Utica, New York; Mrs. James S. Peck, State Regent D. A. R., Wisconsin; Mrs. Ex-Pres. James A. Garfield, Miss Alice Key Blunt, Vice Pres. General D. A. R., of Maryland.

REPORTS OF SOCIETIES.

JANUARY 30 was organized, in Providence, R. I., the "Commodore Silas Talbot" Society. Officers: President, Mrs. Benjamin A. Jackson; First Vice President, Ella Clarke Allen; Second Vice President, Hope Ladd; Third Vice President, George Luther; Recording Secretary, Stephen Brownwell Ames; Treasurer, Henry Green Jackson; Registrar, Sarah Senter Allen; Corresponding Secretary, Virginia Wheaton; Historian, Margaret Foster Peck.

The "Vina Howard," organized in Manchester, Vt., January 24; Mrs. Elizabeth C. Perkins, President.

The "Brattleboro Society," organized in Vermont January 29; Miss Mercy R. Cabot, President.

The "Children of the Green Mountains," organized in St. Albans, February 1; Mrs. Flora L. Reynolds, President.

Mrs. Eleanor Freneau Noël is forming a Society in Tacoma, Wash.

Mrs. John E. Palmer, State Regent, D. A. R., also State Promoter C. A. R. of Maine, is organizing a Society in Portland.

The "Isaac Wheeler," organized January 27, in Mystic, Conn.

The "Joel Cook" Society, of Meriden, Conn.; Miss Ella J. Smith, President.

The "Stephen Hempstead" Society, of New London, Conn.; Mrs. Marian Hempstead Stagnor, President.

The "Buff and Blue" Society, of Washington, D. C.; Miss Miriam Ballinger, President.

A Society in Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Emma V. Thomas Miller, President.

The "Star Spangled Banner" Society, of Chevy Chase, Md.

The "Grace Warren" Society, in Franklin, Tenn.; Mrs. Martha Jones Gentry, President.

A Society in Utica, N. Y.; Miss M. Isabelle Doolittle, President.

The "Valentine Holt" Society, of San Francisco, Cal., organized February 1, by Mrs. S. Isabelle Hubbard. Officers: Mrs. S. Isabelle Hubbard, President; Sara Cone Bancroft, Vice President; David Staples Painter, Recording Secretary; Flora May Walton, Corresponding Secretary; Isabel Dennison, Treasurer; Helen Augusta Hallowell, Registrar; Ralph Watts Wardwell, Historian; Herbert Ross Baker, Color Bearer.

A Society in New York City; Mrs. Wm. Cummings Story, President.

The "Washington Heights" Society, New York City; Mrs. Ferdinand Pinney Earle, President.

A Society in Columbia, Pa., is forming; Mrs. Emilie Benson Welsh, President.

DANVERS, MASS., *December 13*.—The General Israel Putnam Chapter, D. A. R., held a public meeting in Essex Hall, on January 7, the birthday anniversary of the patriot, to which the S. A. R., Old Salem Chapter, and Children's Society, and others were invited. A lecture was given by Rev. A. P. Putnam, D. D., on "General Israel Putnam," and other entertainment was provided.

At the meeting of the Advisory Board yesterday two new members were admitted to the Chapter, and it was voted to name the Children's Society, C. A. R., "Charles Warren Society, C. A. R.," the officers of which were elected as follows: President, Mrs. G. B. Emerson; Secretary, Miss Margaret Putnam; Treasurer, Alfred F. Masury; Registrar, Miss Mamie Hines. The child for whom the Society was named was Charles, the youngest son of Phineas and Grace Warren, of Waltham, who served with his seven brothers in the Revolutionary War. He was at the battle of Bunker Hill and the siege of Boston. He was a lad of but ten years of age. One of his duties was to carry water to the soldiers. It is related that as his company approached Charlestown Neck, which was raked by a heavy fire from the Glasgow frigate and floating batteries, they marched in Indian file, and seeing the havoc made by the shot, he said to his brother William, "Lieutenant, must I go across?" "Yes, — you, go!" shouted the lieutenant.

Young Warren said afterwards that it "scared him so to hear Bill swearing so that he stepped across very lively." Lieutenant Warren said that it almost broke his heart to have to require it of his youngest brother.

He enlisted May 13, 1775, and served two months and twenty-two days. The original muster roll reads, "Private with his officer."—*From the Salem Gazette.*

HOW "BATTLE OF THE KEGS" BECAME FAMOUS IN HISTORY.

ORIGIN OF THE POEM.

THE celebration of the anniversary of the Battle of the Kegs, by the "Jonathan Brooks" Society, C. A. R., New London, Conn., was held at the Coit Street school on Wednesday afternoon by the kind permission of Mrs. Stayner. After the services the C. A. R. opened the meeting with the roll call and the Liberty song. There was a brief address by the President, giving a description of the Battle of the Kegs as follows:

On the 4th of January, 1778, the American patriots of Bordentown made an attempt to destroy the British shipping at Philadelphia by means of torpedoes enclosed in kegs, which they floated down the Delaware River. The danger of these machines being discovered, the British manned the wharves and shipping and discharged their small arms and cannons at everything they saw floating in the river, thinking them some invention of the devil.

These "infernals," as the British called them, were invented by David Bushnell, an inventor of some note at that time. The incident gave rise to the most popular ballad of the Revolution, by Francis Hopkinson, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, who was the father of Joseph Hopkinson, who wrote, "Hail Columbia."

The poem, which appears below, was then read by Miss Isabel Chappell. An article from the AMERICAN MONTHLY was read by Miss Marion Chappell, "An American Army of Two." This was followed by an address by Mrs. Stayner, who is the President of the new Society now forming. The meeting adjourned until some time after the next annual Congress of the D. A. R., at Washington.

Gallants attend and hear a friend
Trill forth harmonious ditty,
Strange things I'll tell which late befell
In Philadelphia city.

'Twas early day, as poets say,
Just when the sun was rising,
A soldier stood on a log of wood,
And saw a thing surprising.

As in amaze he stood to gaze,
The truth can't be denied, sir,

He spied a score of kegs or more
Come floating down the tide, sir.

A sailor, too, in jerkin blue,
This strange appearance viewing,
First damned his eyes, in great surprise,
Then said : " Some mischiefs brewing."

" These kegs, I'm told, the rebels hold,
Packed up like pickled herring ;
And they're come down to attack the town,
In this new way of ferrying."

The soldier flew, the sailor too,
And scared almost to death, sir,
Wore out their shoes, to spread the news,
And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now up and down throughout the town,
Most frantic scenes were acted ;
And some ran here, and others there,
Like men almost distracted.

Some fire cried, which some denied,
But said the earth had quaked ;
And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
Ran through the streets half naked.

Sir William he, snug as a flea,
Lay all this time a snoring,
Nor dreamed of harm as he lay warm.

* * * * *

Now in a fright, he starts upright,
Awakened by such a clatter .
He rubs both eyes, and boldly cries :
" For God's sake what's the matter?"

At his bedside he then espied,
Sir Erskine at command, sir,
Upon one foot he had one boot,
And t'other in his hand, sir.

" Arise, arise," Sir Erskine cries,
The rebels - more's the pity,
Without a boat are afloat,
And ranged before the city.

" The motley crew, in vessels new,
With Satan for their guide, sir,
Packed up in bags, or wooden kegs,
Come driving down the tide, sir.

“ Therefore prepare for bloody war,
These kegs must all be routed
Or surely we despised shall be.
And British courage doubted.”

The royal band now ready stand
All ranged in dread array, sir,
With stomach stout to see it out,
And made a bloody day, sir.

The cannons roar from shore to shore,
The small arms make a rattle ;
Since war's began I'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel dales, the rebel vales
With rebel trees surrounded,
The distant woods, the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swam to and fro,
Attacked from every quarter ;
Why, sure, thought they, the devil's to pay,
'Mongst folks above the water.

The kegs, 'tis said, though strongly made,
Of rebel staves and hoops, sir,
Could not oppose their powerful foes,
The conquering British troops, sir.

From morn to night these men of might
Displayed amazing courage ;
And when the sun was fairly down,
Retired to sup their porridge.

A hundred men with each a pen,
Or more upon my word, sir,
It is most true would be too few,
Their valor to record, sir.

Such feats did they perform that day,
Against these wicked kegs, sir,
That years to come, if they get home,
They'll make their boasts and brags, sir.

FRANCIS HOPKINSON.

[This ballad was occasioned by a real incident. Certain machines in the form of kegs, charged with gunpowder were sent down the river to annoy the British shipping then at Philadelphia. The danger of these machines being discovered, the British manned the wharfs and shipping, and discharged their small arms and cannons at everything they saw floating in the river during the ebb tide.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.]

PAPER READ OCTOBER 16, 1895, AT MEETING OF THE CAPITAL SOCIETY,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

As a sort of introduction to Burgoyne's campaign, which began so successfully near the banks of the St. Lawrence in June, 1777, and ended so disastrously in October of the same year on the banks of the Hudson, I wish to say something to you about "Old Fort Ti," as it is called by the people of that section, and all tourists.

An Englishman discussing with one of our clever women the United States, its wonders, etc., and criticising our deficiencies, said: "But Madam, you have no ruins, no curiosities, no antiquities."

"Very true," said she, "but the ruins and antiquities will come with time, and (with a bow to the gentleman) our curiosities we import."

Now Old Fort Ti, I suppose, is our most interesting ruin, and, while I think generally it is wise not to confine our interests to ruins, still, as Ticonderoga is so bound up with the progress and growth of our Nation, I hoped we could consider it from both aspects. I spent last Summer near Ticonderoga, and visited it several times, succeeding in getting several photographs which I have brought for you to look at. I confess to a thrill of excitement as I thought of the many bloody wars between the white man and the Indians before we were a nation, and a feeling of exultation that I was an American as we climbed to the ruins and one of our number shouted Ethan Allen's words, "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress, surrender!"

Ticonderoga is a high, rocky promontory between Lake Champlain on the north and the mouth of the outlet of Lake George on the south. It was fortified by the French in 1755, and was named Carillon (a chime of bells), suggested by the musical sound of the falling waters of the falls. It was the rendezvous of Montcalm's army in 1757 and was a hornet's nest, pouring out swarms of savages to invest the highways and byways of the wilderness. It was unsuccessfully attacked by the British under Abercrombie on July 8, 1758; was invested and taken by the British under Amherst in 1759. It is difficult for us to realize the blessing resulting from renewed conflict of arms—that from this time that federation took place among the separated provinces which was consummated afterwards in their independence as a nation. Ticonderoga was surprised and captured by the Americans under Ethan Allen, May 10, 1775, and was taken by the British under Burgoyne in July, 1777.

A little less than a mile south of Ticonderoga the narrow mountain ridge between the two lakes ends abruptly in a bold crag, which rises six hundred feet sheer over the blue water. The failure of the Americans to fortify this position, and the quickness with which the English availed themselves of this oversight by working night and day to break a pathway, up which they hauled their heavy guns, rendered Ticonderoga a trap from which the garrison could not escape too quickly. The British, rejoicing in their exploit, named this hill Mt. Defiance. A council of war was held, and under cover of night St. Clair took his little army across the lake and retreated upon Castleton. On the morning of the 7th of

July General Fraser overtook the American rear guard at Hubbardtown, about six miles behind the main army. A fierce fight ensued and Fraser had begun to fall back when Riedesel came up with his Germans and the Americans were put to flight, leaving one-third of their number killed or wounded.

In England the fall of Ticonderoga was greeted with exultation as the death blow of the American cause. Horace Walpole tells how the King rushed into the Queen's apartment, clapping his hands and shouting, "I have beat them! I have beat all the Americans!" In America there was general consternation. St. Clair was greeted with a storm of abuse. John Adams, then President of the Board of War, wrote, in the first white heat of indignation, "We shall never be able to defend a post till we shoot a general!"

Fiske says, the irony of events however, alike ignoring American consternation and British glee, showed that the capture of Ticonderoga was not to help the invaders in the least. Burgoyne's serious difficulties were now just beginning, and the harder he labored to surmount them, the more completely did he work himself into a position from which it was impossible either to advance or recede."

The relations of this capture of Ticonderoga to the ultimate surrender of Burgoyne and the ultimate independence of America, and the relation of its previous capture by Ethan Allen to the evacuation of Boston by the British and promotion of General Knox, who afterwards became first Secretary of War, are matters which might well prove interesting should any other member of our Society care to pursue this line of study for one of our future meetings.

LUCY HAYES BRECKINRIDGE, *Secretary.*

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY OF 1773.

[Read before the "Pirum Ripley" Society of "Children of the American Revolution" at the Central High School, Washington, District of Columbia, November 11, 1895.]

THE invitations were issued from Griffin's Wharf for the most distinguished tea party in the history of society. The tea was provided for the occasion by the East India Company, of England, and was remarkably fine. The Bostonians were well pleased to make this use of their tea rather than to sell it at any price, though their English Governor, custom officers, consignees, and in fact, King George the Third and the English Parliament, did not agree with their New England brethren.

Great were the preparations for this party before the tea ship arrived from England. At a call from the selectmen the consignees of the tea were notified to meet at an appointed hour at the "Liberty Tree" in order to place this function in the hands of the people. November 3 several hundred assembled to witness the result, but the consignees treated the whole affair with contempt, preferring to control the matter themselves.

Probably no other tea party ever required more preliminary arrange-

ments. Two days after the first meeting, by a call of the selectmen, another great town meeting was held at which Hancock presided, who sent a second committee to negotiate with the consignees with the same unsuccessful result. As the tea ships were daily expected another town meeting was held November 18, when the final summons were sent to the consignees to know definitely whether they would permit the people to take the affairs into their own hands. Upon their positive refusal to do so the meeting adjourned.

Sunday the 28th of November, the ship "Dartmouth" appeared in Boston harbor with one hundred and fourteen chests of the East India Company's tea. On Monday a mass meeting assembled in Faneuil Hall, at which a reception committee of about twenty-five armed men was appointed to see that the "Dartmouth" should be moored to Griffin's wharf, and to instruct the captain not to take the trouble to have the tea unloaded, as all the arrangements had not been completed. The next day another mass meeting took place. A little trouble arose between Governor Hutchinson and the people with respect to the serving of the tea. The Governor declared the meeting illegal and ordered it to disperse, but without success. The consignees were very anxious that it should be served on shore, agreeing in that respect with the Governor, but the people demanded it should be carried out on the water. Then another difficulty arose between the people and the custom officers, but the people prevailed. Thus the time passed until the arrival of two other tea ships from England early in December.

Provoked by the delay, the people now resolved to act promptly and effectually. On the 16th of December, 1773, a town mass meeting was held in the Old South Church, on account of the lack of room in Faneuil Hall. The owner of the three tea ships was present, and was sent first to the custom officers and then to the Governor to request him to dispose of the tea in the manner planned by the people. In the afternoon he returned to the meeting with the news that the custom officers and the Governor refused their requests.

After this was reported the arrangements thus far made were discussed and reviewed. The Governor, custom officers, and consignees were not in accord with the people, led by Quincy, Hancock, Pitt, and Adams. The date had been postponed at each meeting with the expectation that the officials would give the people their rights. By this time the whole audience was in a state of excitement and uneasiness over the delay and the consequences. It was nearly five o'clock, and was growing dark, when suddenly one of the chosen waiters for the tea party, who had waited long enough, gave a wild sounding Indian war whoop from the crowded gallery, which was responded to from the street outside. Then some one cried, "Hurrah for Griffin's wharf."

The meeting immediately broke up, and the people hurried to the party, led by about fifty men dressed as Mohawk Indians, who were to take an active part in the performance. They called themselves the "Sons of Liberty" and truly honored their name that day. In spite of

the King, Parliament, Governor, customs officers, consignees, and other oppressors, the party was held on ship board, three hundred and forty-two chests of tea being used, and occupying between two and three hours.

No damage was done the ships, the quiet party dispersed and the people returned to their homes. They doubtless saw in the distance a coming cloud, darker than the storm cloud, and felt a weight upon their shoulders which it would take eight long years of hunger, cold, imprisonment, sickness, separation of families, wounds, deaths, and graves in the sea to allow the bright star of freedom, liberty, and union to pierce the cloud of war.

And so it did, thanks to God, by the help of such men as George Washington, of Virginia, the Marquis de Lafayette, of France, and others perhaps as noble, but not as well-known.

HORATIO KNIGHT BRADFORD.

OUR QUESTION BOX.

WHEN and where was Washington dubbed the Father of his Country?

MARGARET B. LARRABEE,

Joseph Bulkley Society, Louisville, Ky.

IN reply to the following question, "Who gave the New World the name America?" My answer is, "Americus Vespucius, a friend of Columbus, accompanied a subsequent expedition to the New World. A German, named Waldsee Müeller, published a spirited account of this mariner's adventures, and suggested that it should be called America. This being the first description of the New World, was very popular, and the name was soon adopted by geographers.

Yours respectfully,

FRANCIS CURTIS UPHAM,

Lyman Hall Society, Meriden, Connecticut.

ANSWER to question No. 3, copied from paper read at last meeting of Fort Washington Society, C. A. R., Cincinnati, Ohio :

Burning of the Gaspee.

Rhode Island was the only colony, prior to American Revolution, whose Governor was chosen by the people. All others were appointed by the King. These governors had the right to grant flags of truce, and during the French and Indian war Newport merchants had gotten these flags, not only as privateers but as smugglers. To stop this the British schooner Gaspee was ordered, in 1771, to lie at the entrance of Narragansett Bay and question every boat that went in and out. Having run aground by accident she was boarded by some citizens of Providence who bound all her officers and crew and then set fire to her. A reward of \$5,000 was offered for the detection of any person concerned in the affair, but not a name was reported to the King.

MARGARET WARD ELLIS,

Fort Washington Society.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. CAROLINE HANCOCK KINNEY.

WHEN the Beverley Manor Chapter, of Staunton, Virginia, resumed its regular meeting September, 1895, the members were all uniting in heartfelt sorrow over the death of Mrs. Caroline Hancock Johnston, wife of Thomas Colston Kinney, who departed this life on July 29, 1895, at Louisville, Kentucky. Mrs. S. T. McCullough, Historian, and Miss M. P. Duval, Corresponding Secretary, were appointed a committee to prepare suitable resolutions to be entered upon the records of the Beverley Manor Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution :

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to call unto himself Caroline Hancock Kinney, one of our youngest, most gifted, and beloved members, we desire to record our appreciation of her efficiency, zeal, and womanly worth ; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in her death this Chapter mourns the loss of a charter member, its first Recording Secretary, whose social graces, literary talents, and experience were cordially bestowed upon the members, aims, and work of the Society.

Resolved, That we proffer our sincere sympathy in this bereavement to the husband, father, and sisters when resigning the wife, so late a happy bride, the youngest of a devoted household, who has fallen on the sleep he giveth his beloved, in the radiant sunshine of her youth.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon the Chapter records, a copy be sent to the families so bereaved, and a memorial be sent to the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

M. P. DUVAL,

M. N. MCCULLOUGH,

Committee.



OFFICIAL.

OFFICIAL MINUTES OF JANUARY 25, 1896,

AS APPROVED BY THE NATIONAL BOARD OF MANAGEMENT
FEBRUARY 6, 1896.

Saturday, January 25, 1896.

A SPECIAL meeting of the National Board of Management was held this day at 10 a. m., in accordance with a resolution passed at the October meeting, for the purpose of admitting new members.

In the absence of the President General, and a quorum being present, Mrs. Tulloch was elected to preside.

Mrs. Hichborn presented the names of 242 applicants.

Mrs. Dennison presented the names of 247 applicants.

Total, 489, all of whom, being duly qualified, were elected to membership in the National Society, the Secretary casting the ballot. The reports of the Registrars General were accepted.

REPORT OF VICE PRESIDENT GENERAL IN CHARGE OF ORGANIZATION OF CHAPTERS.—Appointment of Chapter Regents by State Regents have been made as follows: Arkansas, Miss Maud E. Black, in Fort Smith, in place of Mrs. J. E. Corley, resigned. Iowa, Mrs. Julia N. Robinson, in Cedar Falls; Mrs. C. H. Richardson, in Belmond. New Hampshire, Mrs. Margaret L. Griffin, in Keene. New Jersey, Mrs. Helen McKeen Dayton, in Camden. New York, Mrs. Mary A. B. Evans, in Lockport. North Carolina, Mrs. Mary Don Reeve Sprinkle, in Charlotte.

The organization of the following Chapters is also reported: Morristown Chapter, of Morristown, New Jersey, November 12, 1895; General Frelinghuysen Chapter, of Millstone, New Jersey, January 11, 1896; Hendrick Hudson Chapter, of Hud-

son, New York, December 26, 1895 ; Lake Dunmore Chapter, of Brandon, Vermont, January 17, 1896 ; Kenosha Chapter, of Kenosha, Wisconsin, January 7, 1896 ; General David Forman Chapter, of Trenton, New Jersey, January 15, 1896 ; Dorothy Quincy Chapter, of Greenfield, Massachusetts ; Continental Chapter, of Plainfield, New Jersey, January, 1896 ; Rev. James Caldwell Chapter, of Jacksonville, Illinois.

Letters of acceptance have been received from the following : Mrs. Lucy A. F. Spurr, Brockton, Massachusetts ; Mrs. Julia C. Withington, Jackson, Michigan ; Mrs. Mary McC. Reynolds, Cynthiana, Kentucky ; Mrs. L. R. Sanford, Seneca Falls, New York ; Mrs. Mary M. Jacobs, Mifflintown, Pennsylvania ; Mrs. Mary E. Conant, Camden, New York ; Mrs. Ella G. Haughton, Prescott, Arkansas ; Mrs. Martha Clay Hollister, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Resignations : Mrs. J. C. H. Lilburn, as Regent of St. Mary's City Chapter, Maryland ; Mrs. L. D. Gassoway, as Regent of Chapter in Annapolis, Maryland.

The Vice President General in Charge of Organization of Chapters nominates for State Regent of Indian Territory Mrs. Kate L. C. Duncan, of Tahlequah, and for Chapter Regent in Phoenix, Arkansas, Miss Mary A. Warren.

(Report read by Mrs. Buchanan, for Mrs. Johnson, who was on account of illness unable to be present.)

THE FINANCE COMMITTEE, Mrs. Tulloch, chairman, reported the purchase of one United States registered five per cent. bond for the Current Fund.

Amount of bond,	\$1,000 00
Accrued interest and premium,	161 50
	<hr/>
	\$1,161 50

Interest quarterly.

The Finance Committee have invested for the Permanent Fund in American Security & Trust Company guaranteed five per cent. bonds,	2,500 00
Accrued interest,	34 31
	<hr/>
	\$2,534 31

Interest semi-annually.

On motion of Mrs. Henry the Finance Committee was authorized to invest \$500 at the discretion of the committee, which amount will probably be in hand about February 1, 1896.

The Treasurer General was authorized to purchase a new cash book.

On motion of the Treasurer General it was ordered that another meeting of the Board be called on January 31, for the admission of new members.

Mrs. Geer read a letter from Mrs. John W. Foster, President General, conveying her acknowledgments to the members of the Board of Management in recognition of their earnest appeal to allow her name to be placed in nomination for the ensuing year, and expressing the deepest regret at not being able "to meet the wishes of so many of her good friends."

The Recording Secretary, on behalf of a Connecticut Chapter, organized 1893, requested that Miss Washington be permitted to sign the charter for said Chapter, for which an order has just been made.

Mrs. Keim, Vice President General, moved that this requested be complied with in view of the fact that the Chapter was organized during Miss Washington's term of office (1893), provided it was in addition to the signatures required by the by-laws. Carried.

A letter was read appealing to the Board for redress in a case in which admission to a Chapter had been refused. Instructions were given in reply that the Board has no jurisdiction over Chapter membership, but that by forwarding application to the Registrars General admission to the National Society would be given upon authentication of eligibility and qualification in accordance with the requirements of the constitution.

Mrs. Brackett, Chairman of the Programme Committee for the Congress, asked the concurrence of the Board in the selection of Miss Nanny Randolph Ball as chairman of ushers for the Congress. The selection was approved by the Board. Mrs. Brackett submitted page proofs of the programme, and, upon request, was given instructions in relation thereto.

Dr. McGee, Chairman of the Committee on House, Decoration, and Music, submitted suggestions as to the seating of the delegates to the Congress from States which had not before

been represented, which were accepted. It was voted that national officers be seated upon the platform.

Mrs. Buchanan, Chairman on Credentials and Badges, was authorized to procure credential cards to be issued to the alternates to the Continental Congress, in accordance with estimate submitted for the same. The Chairman of the Committee on Credentials requested instructions in replying to the following questions: 1. May the Vice Regent represent a Regent at the Continental Congress? To this the Board replied, "Not unless she is a duly elected alternate." 2. May a Chapter elect a delegate or an alternate to the Congress outside its own membership? In answer to this, Dr. McGee moved, "That these Chapters be informed that only the Congress can decide whether a delegate whose right is questioned is entitled to a seat. As there is no rule governing the above case, Chapters are advised to elect delegates from their own members, whose seat could not be questioned."

Dr. McGee presented a photograph of the Massachusetts Building at the Atlanta Cotton States Exposition, which building was recently presented to the Atlanta Chapter by the State of Massachusetts. The photograph was received with thanks, which were extended also to Mrs. Keim, Vice President General, who requested the privilege of framing the photograph.

Dr. McGee also presented, on behalf of Mr. Roberdeau Buchanan, the author, a copy of the Life of Governor Thomas McKean, of Pennsylvania, signer of the Declaration of Independence, which was received with due acknowledgment by the Board.

The meeting adjourned at 12.30 p. m.

LYLA M. PETERS BUCHANAN,
Recording Secretary General.

OFFICIAL MINUTES

AS APPROVED BY THE NATIONAL BOARD OF MANAGEMENT
FEBRUARY 6, 1896.

January 31.

IN accordance with a resolution passed January 25, a meeting of the National Board of Management was held this day at 10 o'clock a. m., Mrs. Keim presiding.

Mrs. Dennison presented 100 applications which had been verified. Mrs. Hichborn presented 86; total, 186, which being found qualified were duly elected by the Board. The report of the Registrars General were accepted.

With a view to reducing the rate of postage, the Registrars General recommended a lighter weight mailing tube for certificates of membership.

Mrs. Buchanan moved that the present tubes be retained, and that the post office officials be requested to rate the certificates and charters as second class matter. Motion carried. Whereupon, the Registrars General were appointed a committee to wait upon the proper officials to request their favorable consideration in the matter.

Supplementary report of the Vice President General in Charge of Organization of Chapters was made, as follows :

Appointments of Chapter Regents by State Regents have been made, as follows : Illinois, Miss Cornelia Collins, in Quincy ; Massachusetts, Miss Edith Russell Wills, in Newburyport ; Miss Helen M. Winslow, in West Roxbury ; Mrs. Chas. A. Gross, in Cohasset ; New York, Miss Mary Park, in Elmira ; Ohio, Mrs. Emily Bronson Conger, in Akron ; South Carolina, Mrs. F. W. Eldridge, in Camden.

The organization of the following Chapters is also reported : Edgefield Chapter, Edgefield, South Carolina, organized January 25, 1896 ; Westmoreland County Chapter, Pennsylvania, organized 1896. Accepted.

The Treasurer General requested further clerical assistance for her increased duties at this date.

It was voted that national officers be permitted to engage such assistance as may be found necessary.

Mrs. Henry moved, that \$5.00 extra compensation be allowed the proof-reader of the Magazine. Carried.

On behalf of the Corresponding Secretary General, who was absent, letters were read from the Gillespie Publishing Company, Mrs. E. G. Painter, and others. Instructions were given regarding these respectfully.

The Recording Secretary General read a report from Mr. Hatcher, Clerk to the House of Representatives, of the passage of the bill petitioning the United States Congress to grant a National Charter to the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. This bill was presented to the House by the Hon. Mr. Henderson, of Iowa.

It was voted that the regular February meeting of the Executive Committee should be suspended, as the frequent meetings of the Board obviated the necessity for it.

The Treasurer General was authorized to enclose certain slips with receipts for dues pertaining to membership fees.

It was moved and carried, that Miss Quackenbush should receive \$1.50 per diem, for clerical services to the several officers.

The Chairman of the Committee on Credentials and Badges was authorized to verify the Roll of Delegates to the Congress, 1896, according to the paid up membership of Chapters as entered on the books of the Treasurer General.

The Board then adjourned.

LYLA M. PETERS BUCHANAN,
Recording Secretary General.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER GENERAL, D. A. R., FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY, 1896.

RECEIPTS.

Cash on hand January, 1896,	\$1,620 45
Initiation fees,	\$669 00
Annual dues,	1,422 00
Stationery blanks, and ribbon,	41 75
Lineage books,	11 00
Directory,	6 25
Souvenir spoons,	28 20
Rosettes,	51 30
	<hr/> 2,229 50
Total,	\$3,849 95

DISBURSEMENTS.

Magazine Account.

Salary of Business Manager and proof-

reader, \$55 00

Printing and engraving, 258 80

Magazine folders, 7 00

————— \$320 80

Less receipts, 309 41

————— \$11 39

Current Expenses.

Office rent, \$87 00

Curator's salary, 60 00

Office expenses, 10 00

Clerk for Secretaries General, 50 00

Repairing seal, 3 50

Rug for Board room, 35 00

Screen for Board room, 1 25

Setting broken glass, 1 50

Stamped envelopes for office use, 89 50

Postage and incidentals for active officers, 33 58

Agent for transportation, 17 00

Engrossing charters and certificates, 78 65

Clerk for Registrars General, 50 00

Registrar's book, 8 50

Engraving 2,000 certificates, 167 00

Printing constitutions, postals, &c., 58 25

Clerk for Treasurer General, 30 00

Stamping stationery, 29 10

Ribbon, 9 00

Back work on record books, 41 50

Souvenir spoons, 47 90

Work on ancestor's catalogue, 30 00

Work on card catalogue of members, 10 50

Committee on railroad and hotels, 13 85

Postage for State Regent, District of Columbia, 5 00

Postage for State Regent, New Jersey, 9 86

Postage for State Regent, Pennsylvania, 6 72

————— 984 16

Invested in United States registered bond, 5 per cent., 1,161 50

Cash on hand February 1, 1896, 1,692 95

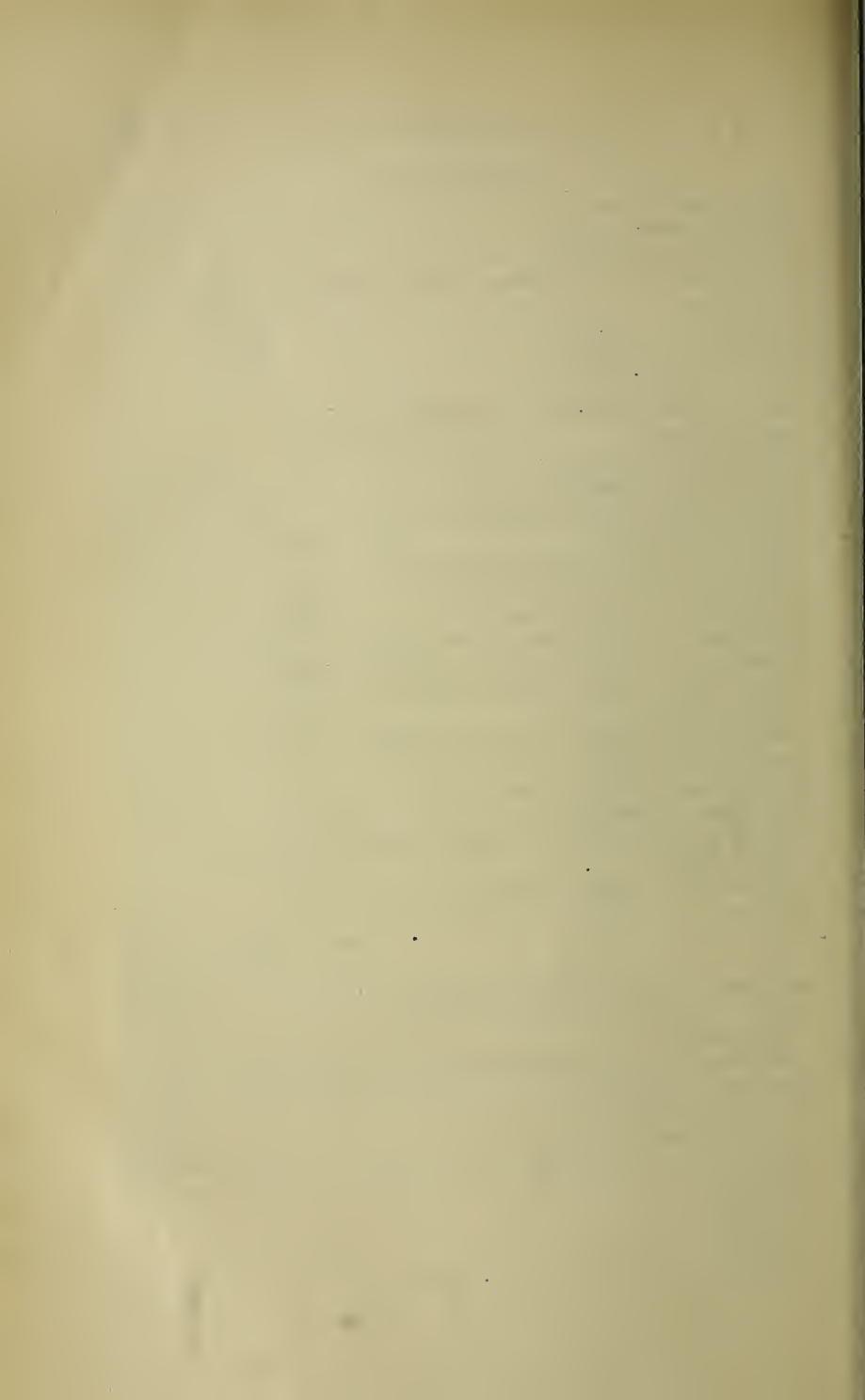
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\$3,849 95

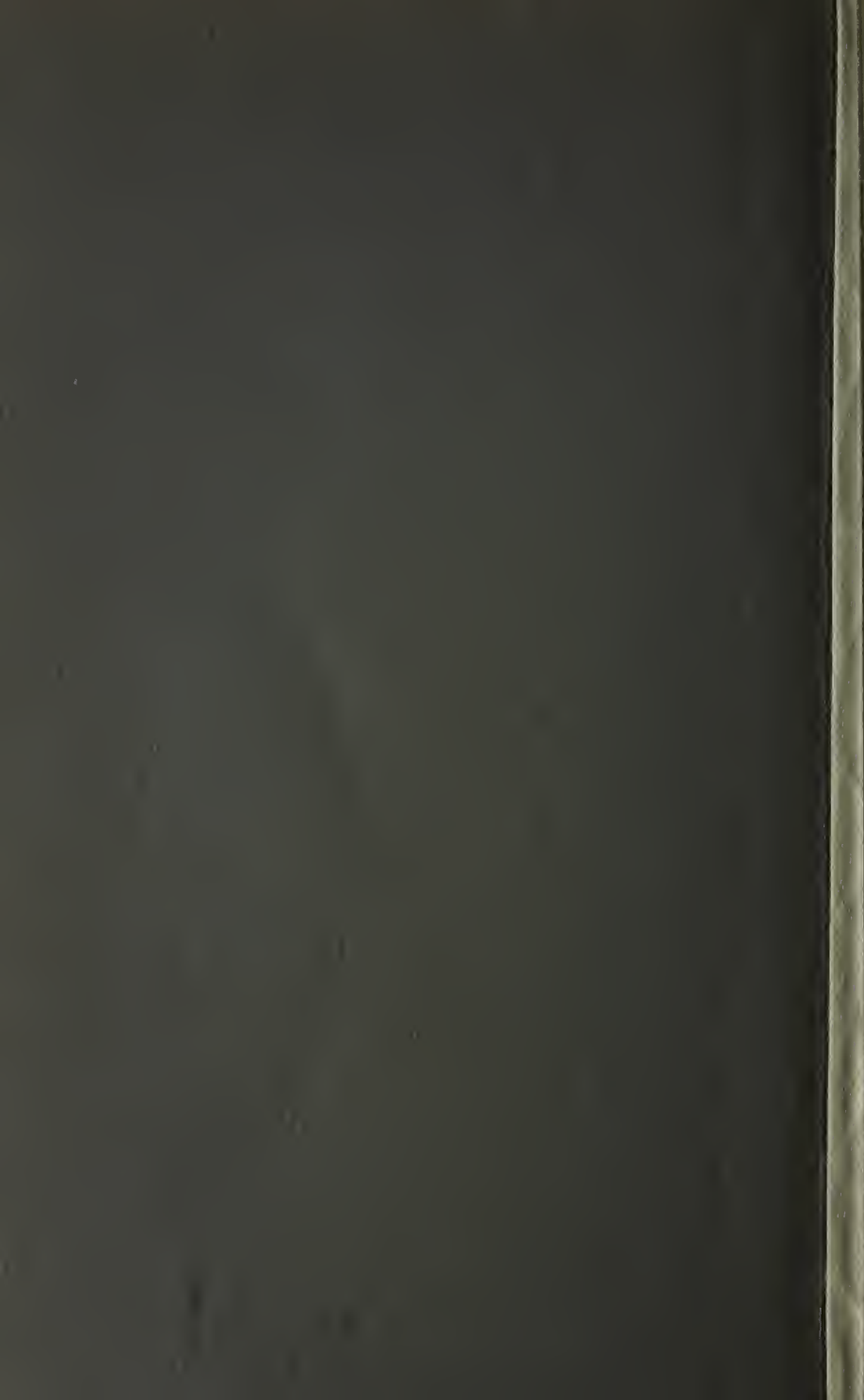
PERMANENT FUND.

Cash on hand, January 1, 1896,	\$1,145 39
Interest on Johnson note,	\$45 00
Interest on funds in bank,	5 32
Contribution from Dolly Madison Chapter, District of Columbia,	28 50
Charters,	109 00
Commission on emblems,	367 00

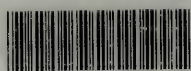
Life Members.

Miss J. C. A. Wood, through Hannah Benedict Carter Chapter,	\$12 50
Miss Amanda P. Wood, through Hannah Benedict Carter Chapter,	12 50
Mrs. Louise J. Smith, through Western Re- serve Chapter,	12 50
Mrs. D. F. Griswold, through Esther Stanley Chapter,	12 50
Mrs. Florence F. Moses, Urbana, Ohio, . . .	25 00
Mrs. Rebecca S. Morris, through Pittsburgh Chapter,	12 50
Miss Isadora F. King, through Catharine Greene Chapter,	12 50
Mrs. Charles H. Pinney, through Sarah Riggs Humphrey Chapter,	12 50
Mrs. William F. Calder, through Martha Washington Chapter,	12 50
Miss Elizabeth Cox Sullivan, through Eagle Rock Chapter,	12 50
Mrs. Candall M. Barker, through Ashuelot Chapter,	12 50
	<hr/> 150 00
	<hr/> 704 82
Received from sale of United States bond,	1,161 50
	<hr/>
Total receipts,	\$3,011 71
Invested in guaranteed registered bonds of American Security and Trust Company,	2,534 31
	<hr/>
Cash in bank February 1, 1896,	\$477 40









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